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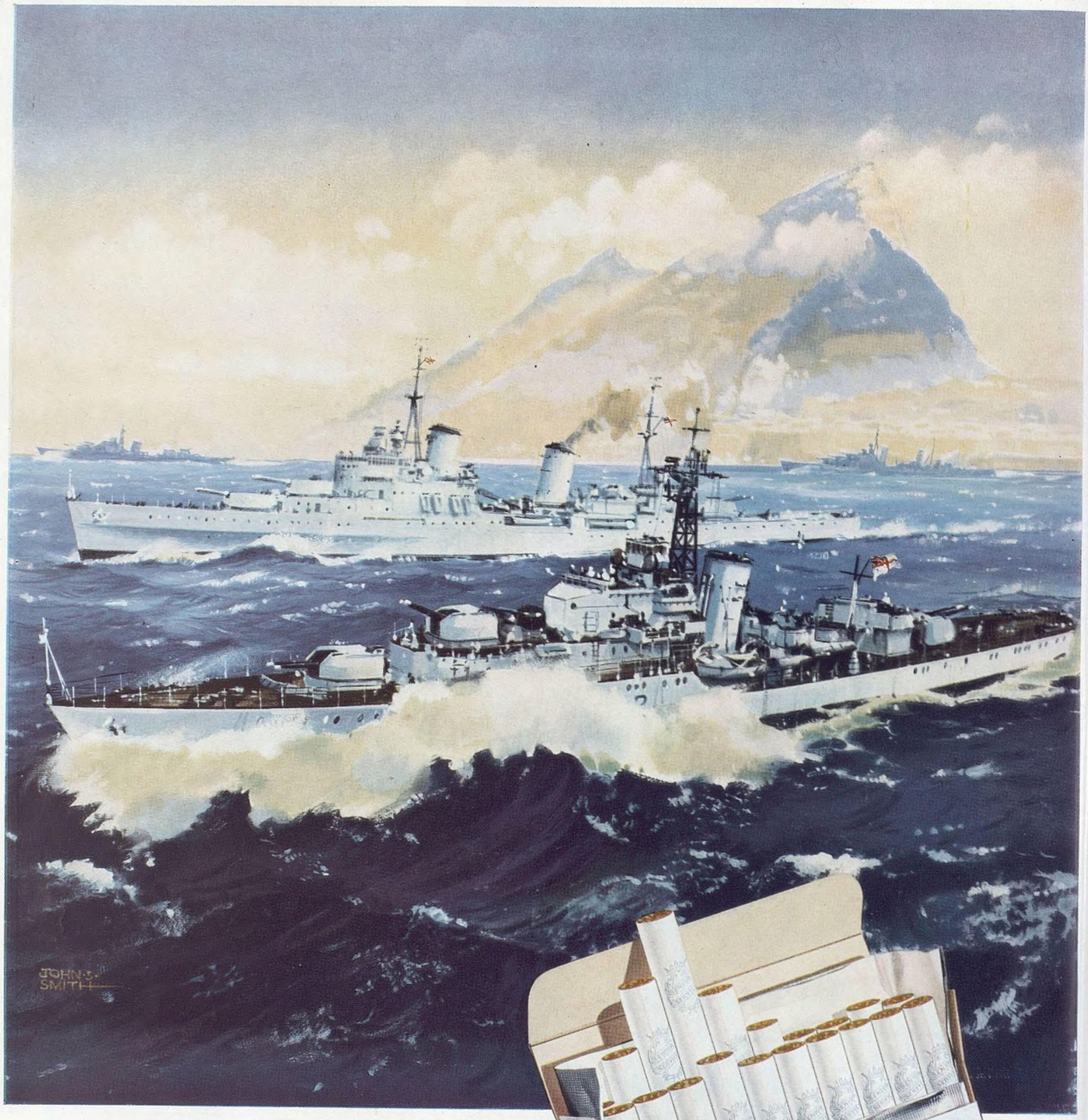

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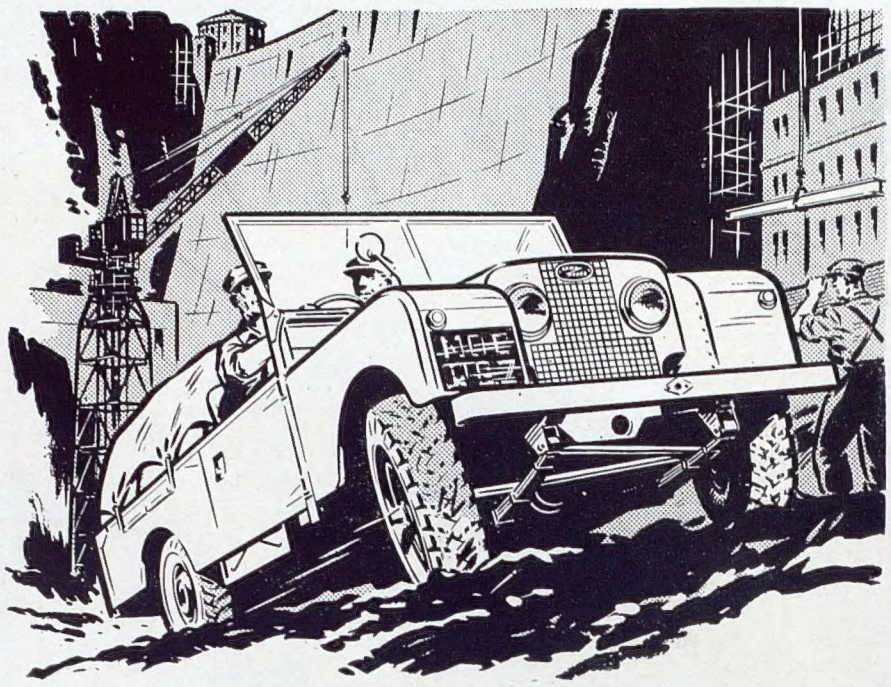

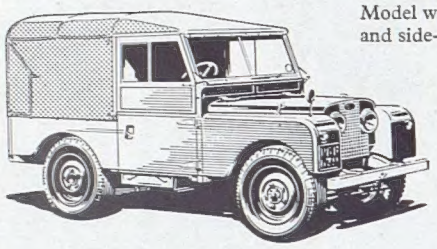

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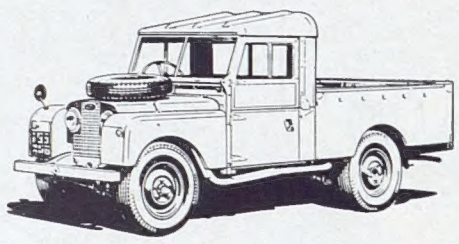

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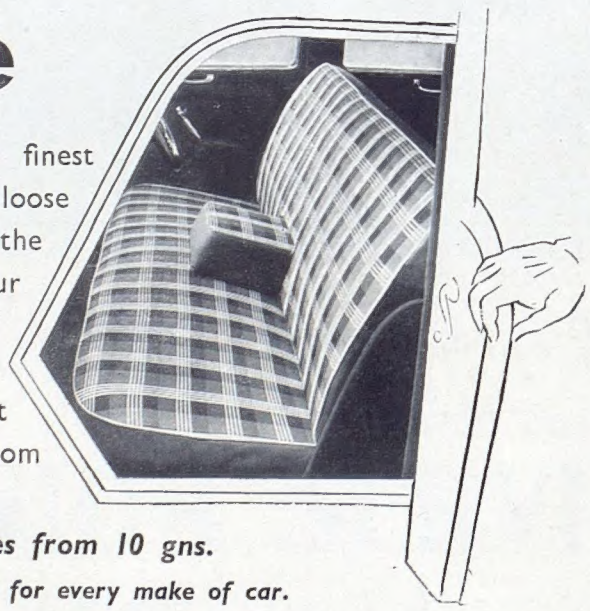

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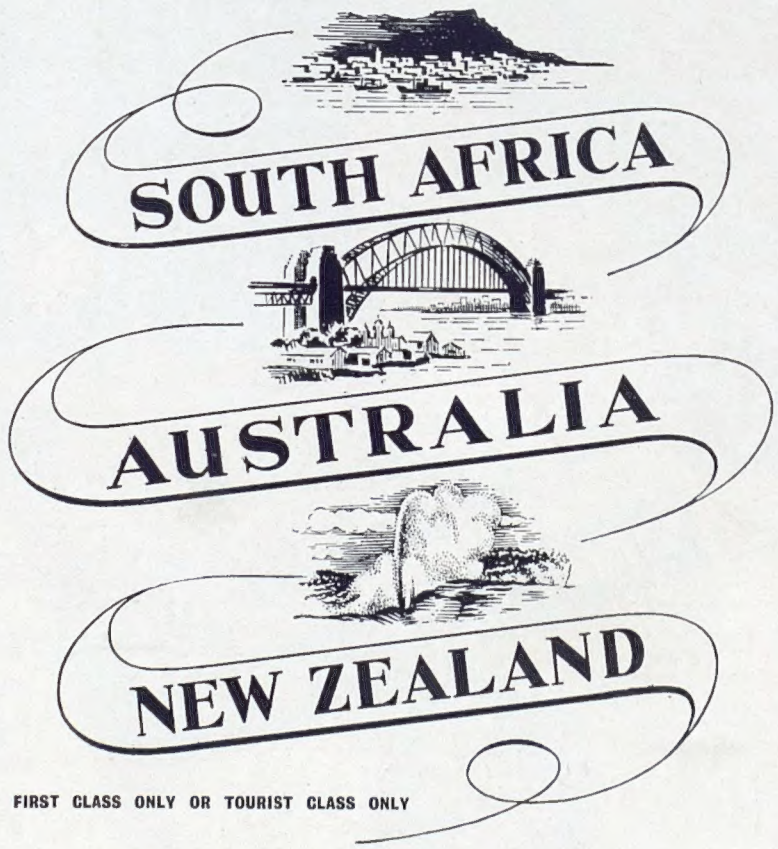

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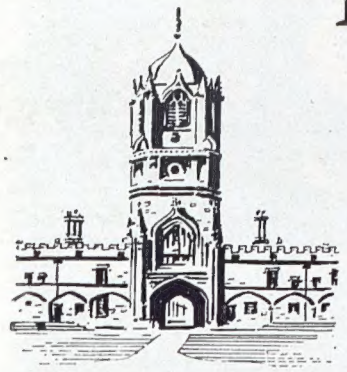

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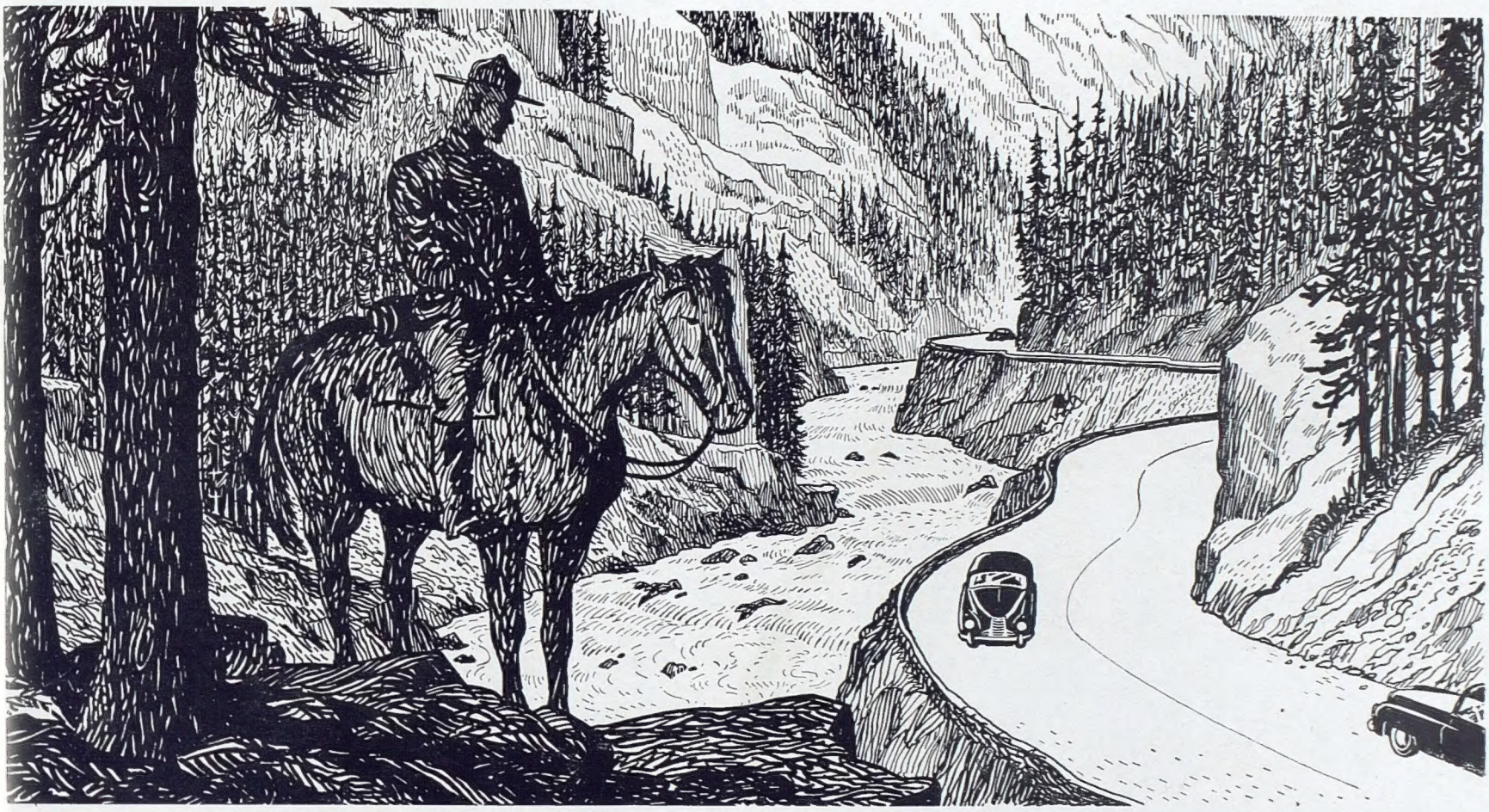

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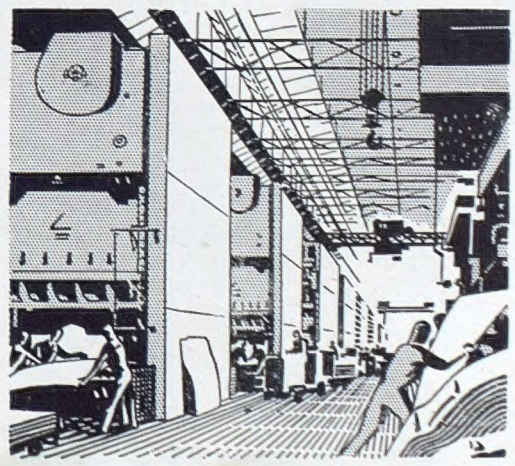


TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

The man who discovered what to give for Christmas

THERE WAS A MAN who had a daughter. And he thought that no-one else had a daughter half so kind and clever and lovely. And he wanted to give her a present that would make her eyes shine.

He puzzled for weeks. And suddenly he knew.

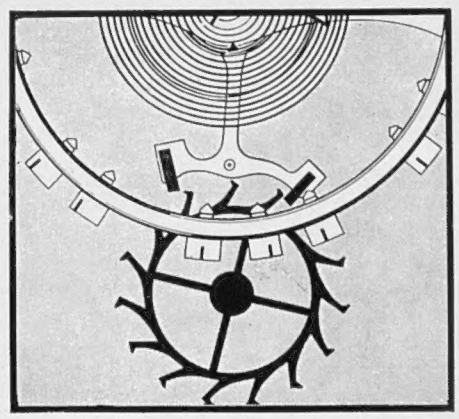
A beautiful watch would be exciting, her first jewellery, something she could be vain about.

A reliable and lasting watch would be something she could use a hundred times a day, every day, for many years.

A trustworthy jeweller showed him that good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watches, made by the world's best craftsmen, are watches like that.

So she became a very proud daughter.*

**The Swiss make men's watches just as carefully as women's.*



THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

432,000 times a day these two lever-hammers strike the escape-wheel teeth. Only if there's a jewel on the head of each can the hammers resist wear many years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

Volume CCXIX No. 2860 The SPHERE, London, December 4, 1954

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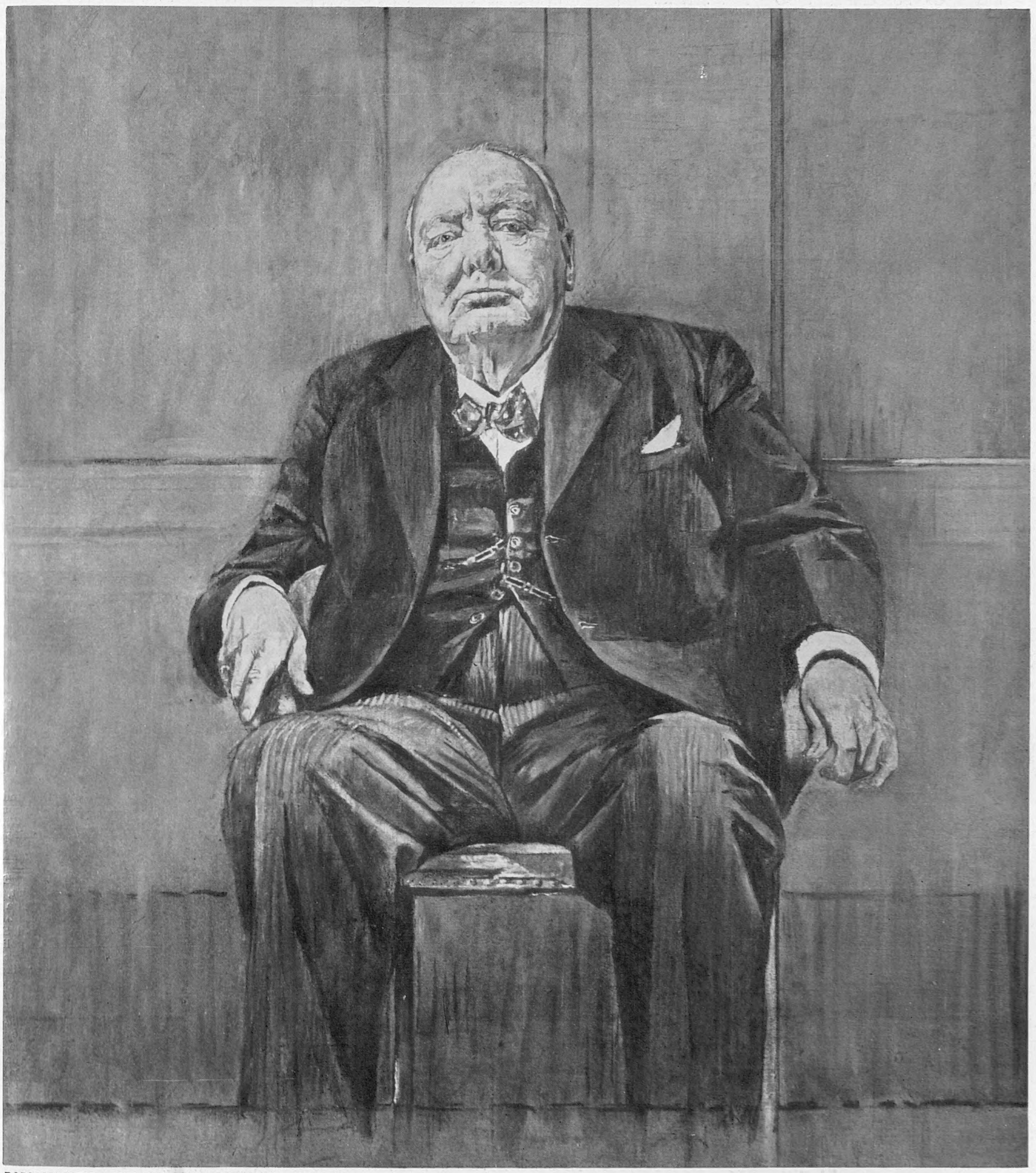

PARLIAMENT'S GIFT TO SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL—THE GRAHAM SUTHERLAND PORTRAIT OF THE PRIME MINISTER, WHICH WAS PRESENTED TO HIM ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY LAST TUESDAY BY THE LORDS AND PRESENT AND PAST MEMBERS OF THE COMMONS: The presentation was made by Mr. Attlee, the Leader of the Opposition. The Prime Minister also received the illuminated Birthday Book in which members of the House of Commons had signed their names. This was presented by Mr. David Grenfell, the "Father of the House." It was an occasion which may well remain unique in the annals of Parliament.

The ceremony took place in Westminster Hall after additional lustre had been given to the great day by the Opening of Parliament in all its usual pageantry by the Queen. The portrait stood on an easel behind curtains until it was formally unveiled. Later in the day the Prime Minister received the greetings of his own Party in the Royal Gallery in the House of Lords. Portraiture is a comparatively new departure for Mr. Graham Sutherland. His best-known portrait to date, that of Mr. Somerset Maugham, is generally regarded as masterly. But the portrait of Sir Winston Churchill has not received such universal approbation. Some feel that the artist has concentrated too much on the "strong man" in the Prime Minister, and not shown enough of his sympathetic, affectionate and humorous character. But there is no doubt it will rank as a classic of English portraiture.

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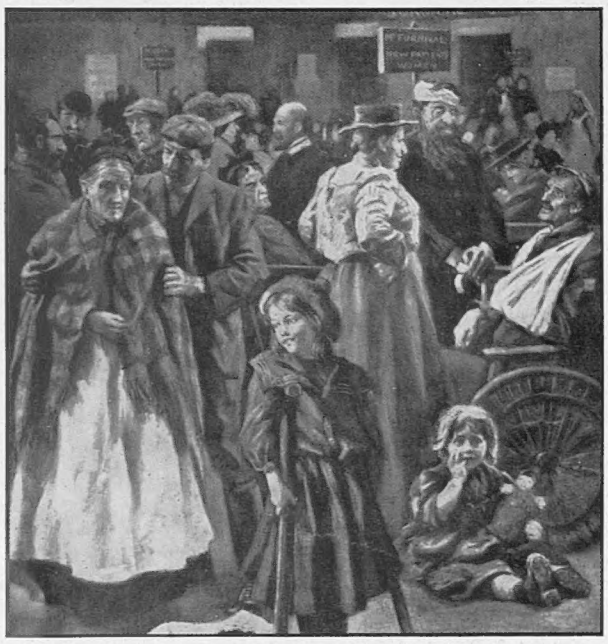
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



THE CROWDED OUT-PATIENTS DEPARTMENT AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL: In 1904 this department of the hospital in Whitechapel had an average daily attendance of 600, about 28 per cent. of the number being "Hebrews" of almost every nationality. This was possibly caused by the great trek of poor Jews from Russia fleeing from the conscript officer. About 44 per cent. of the patients were English. On one occasion up to this date 1,500 people had attended in one day. In the previous year 182,905 people were treated in the department.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE PROBLEM OF BRITAIN'S CANALS

By JOHN WILLIAMS

A London Newsletter

195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Birthday Holiday.—Sir Anthony did duty for Sir Winston in making the traditional opening speech on the debate on the Address. Sir Winston took a holiday, if you can call it a holiday, on his eightieth birthday, which entailed the preparation and delivery of many effective little speeches of thanks totting-up in length of time and in labour to the traditional forty-minutes review of the State of the Nation. He could well afford to leave it to his deputy, whose reputation stands so high to-day, and who could well defend an administration which, after over three years of power, has suffered not a single by-election defeat, has won one handsome addition, and lately "read its history in the nation's eyes" at West Derby. In the state of the parties to-day, No. 11 might have been sent in first to keep the wicket up. But no chances can be taken in politics and no experienced captain underrates his opponents who have a habit of bobbing up after defeat with embarrassing suddenness. The G.O.M. has not yet packed his pads and his punches.

Vyshinsky.—Vyshinsky's death is unlikely to raise hopes (proved largely liars) such as were held in the West when Stalin died. He has already been assessed as "little better than a beast at his worst" (Colin Welch) and "an able and vigorous advocate of his country's policy" (Mr. Dulles). Naturally, the former assessor was uninhibited. Mr. Dulles used of necessity the language of diplomacy. But, since Vyshinsky was capable of mildness, sweet reason and civility, I prefer to compromise between two extremes and accept the view implicit in the Dulles verdict that Vyshinsky was a faithful and loyal *servant* of the Kremlin, and about as able a mouthpiece as the Kremlin could hope for. Perhaps as such he had no living rival. Accordingly we need raise no new hopes from his departure from the "field of diplomacy." The new mouthpiece may do the job more politely or more brutally, but he will do it all the same on a nod from the Kremlin. When it is a question of a faithful and obedient mouthpiece, no man is indispensable. A cannon's roar or a tin trumpet can announce a veto with equal effect and devastation.

THE "STUDENT" PRINCE

A ROYAL VISITOR AT A LONDON SCHOOL: Prince Fahd ben Abdul Aziz, the Minister of Education in Saudi Arabia, tries one of the desks in a classroom at Kidbrooke School, in South London. Standing by him is the Headmistress, Miss M. G. Greer. Kidbrooke is the London County Council's first Comprehensive School. Prince Fahd ben Abdul Aziz has been making a brief visit to Britain. He is the brother of the Ruler of Saudi Arabia, His Majesty King Ibn Al Saud.

Headaches at Home and Abroad.—The London and Paris Agreements are remarkable headache-makers. It is clear that Russia realise their importance to Western strength and bargaining power and will go all lengths in diplomatic strategy to defer, discourage or prevent ratification. But, in that delicate art, when you scratch a Russian, you may find a clumsy bear but not a Talleyrand. Her latest diplomatic offer was surely the crudest in the history of diplomacy, for it put Russia's whole hand on the table for all to see. The certain rejection of the proposal was absolutely clear to the proposer. The Agreements also have given the Labour Party one of those headaches which bring out the worst weaknesses in humans or parties. The "orthodox" majority of Opposition leaders spoke in support of the Agreements, but when the time came to support them with their votes, they abstained. An Opposition minority which, on a vital foreign policy issue, abstains from opposing for fear of being sacked by its leaders, and Opposition leaders who abstain from backing a motion for which they have declared their support for fear of "annoying" their recalcitrant tail, is, indeed, in a sorry state of headache and seems to need very urgently a purge to be followed by a tonic. A token withdrawal of the Whip from a sincere and courageous "rebel" or two, is neither purge nor tonic. No one wants an unnecessarily early election, for we are going on pretty well as we are, but the West Derby result and the present state of the Socialist opposition might well tempt the Government to strike while their iron is hot and their rivals are lukewarm. For, at the moment, the waverers who decide the result of modern general elections must be pretty sure of the best horse to back. A Government, like a T.U., must be able to offer the qualities of leadership.

Spare the Rod.—I had just finished a novel with the above title, by Rupert Croft, when I read a report of the trial at Northampton of a woman teacher whom the Prosecution alleged had "wreaked vengeance on her entire class," with a blackboard pointer as a weapon. The novel had impressed me, and it gave me a notion of the superhuman patience and restraint demanded of schoolteachers under modern conditions of youthful indifference to learning and of indiscipline. I felt that a special prayer for teachers should become part of the Sunday Service next after the Royal Family prayer. I don't know if this novel was quoted before the magistrates. With the sole difference in the age of the classes, the novel and the factual case were close parallels, so close as to be breathtaking and convincing of common experience in certain schools throughout the country. The teacher enters his noble profession, full of enthusiasm, determined to rule by love and sympathy and by the creation of interest to inspire a love of learning, but before many terms are over, he or she acknowledges defeat and must fall back into the rut of everlasting checking and admonishing and, if permitted, in the use of the approved cane on the approved spot. And every time the cane is used in a last extremity the teacher risks a summons for assault from some parent who "couldn't care less" for the child's education or discipline at home. Fortunately, there is still a majority of parents who accept the punishment as just, and are thankful to the teacher for doing the job they themselves neglect—inculcating discipline and obedience and decency. If occasionally a teacher is stung to a mild lack of control, when the little devils are at their worst, I cannot, after reading and believing the truth of that novel, blame her or him. A madhouse must sometimes be a haven of peace and dignity in comparison with a class of our bright young people in a State school in a "rough" area. With what conclusion the Chief Constable of Lancashire cordially and bitterly agrees, I am glad to note.

"As She is Spoke."—The Education Ministry has given birth to a pamphlet, perhaps worth 3s. 6d. Its immediate usefulness as a guide to a more clear and simple and readable use of English in commerce and industry and the Civil Service is best judged (and judged as "long-term policy") by one sentence, too long, even if paraphrased: "No substantial and permanent progress is likely until English literature, as well as language, is regarded by all in authority as the central expression of English life and culture and the central subject in the education of every English child of *every age and grade of intelligence.*" (My italics.) How true, how sound. Now let our schoolteachers put away the rod and pull out the classics. But first, surely, the children must learn to obey and to read and to write and spell correctly a few simple words. At present all too many when they enter (and leave) secondary school, have not reached that stage. These are the embryo who produces in the Civil Service and industry the writers of gobbledegook (the lower grades who close bottles necks, explore avenues and effect ingresses). How do they achieve this flamboyant style? Not at school. By long practice after reading the files of their superiors as they work their way up, learning to say nothing ponderously, to explain nothing grandiloquently, to conceal ignorance by the use of long words and muddled sentences. For generations they have had the chance of learning without tears, of education with sheer delight. If they hear not Masefield ("Bird of Dawning") or Defoe (*Robinson Crusoe*), neither will they be persuaded or educated, though Sir Ernest Gowers rose from retirement; and certainly not by the Ministry's long-winded and erudite pamphlet (worth 3s. 6d. perhaps). Their interest is aroused only by cinema legends, comics and sexy or crime headlines.

And how under such conditions of majority indifference and indiscipline can a willing teacher help a promising pupil to acquire the necessary preparation for leadership which is Monty's cure for our present *malaise* ?

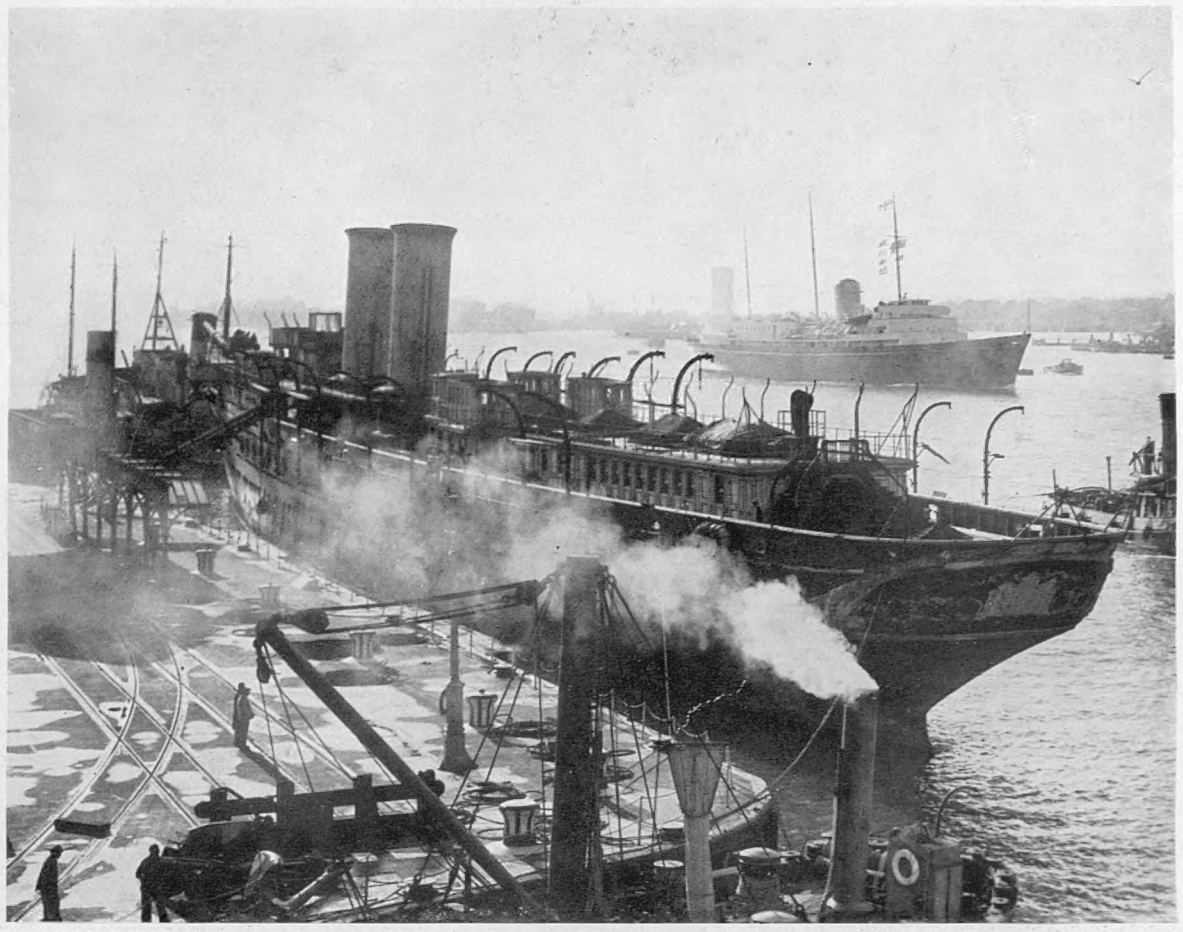
Gaols and Gaol-Breaking.—" Headaches " at home, too. Traffic chaos, insoluble for years to come and already crippling, is not the only urgent problem facing the Police and the Minister concerned. The recent wave of mass escapes of dangerous criminals from our prisons must surely be given priority by the Home Secretary and the Police. At one time there were eight or nine desperate men, most of them trigger-happy and utterly ruthless, who were at large, and are remaining still at large after some weeks of " freedom " in arranged hide-outs. We are indeed complacent if we pass over this state of things with a shrug. The ease with which a mass-escape can be prepared and carried out, the more than suspicion that plans can be concerted not only inside but with outside help, that escapes from two prisons can be " synchronised," that weapons, hide-outs and disguises are all laid on by sympathisers outside, that the escaped men can steal and abandon and steal again two or three cars in a single day—all these extraordinary matters do, indeed, suggest that our Police are not yet on top of the crime wave, that our prisons are not what the word implies, that the staffs are hopelessly undermanned and not always efficient, and that the frightful overcrowding is an inducement and opportunity for successful escape. If we frame a prayer in churches for schoolteachers, let us not forget prison warders and attendants of lunatic asylums. I cannot conceive how any man or woman under present-day conditions can undertake either job. As usual, in the past decades we have reacted to an absurd extreme against " inhumanity." The cranks and the theorists and sentimentalists have won the day, parents have co-operated, not from sentiment but from sheer laziness, and the root problem is the same in State schools, in prisons and in lunatic asylums ; discipline has become impossible, law and order are set at defiance, and rebels, whether unofficial strikers, lethal gangsters or nasty children, have the best possible chances of evading their just punishment. It is high time for a swing back from sentiment and tolerance to early discipline and more effective punishment.

Perpetual Copyright.—In six years' time the words of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas will be out of copyright, mine and yours to " improve." Fans of G. and S. are already suggesting " legislation to accord them perpetual copyright." The only way by which perpetual copyright has hitherto been secured is by merit. After mild efforts to improve Shakespeare, it was found that he had done his work so well that it did not date and could seldom be " improved," at least where the original text was accepted as correct. The Bible also has been improved, but still possesses in most people's opinion a perpetual copyright or merit or loved tradition. I fancy Sullivan's music has enjoyed and will enjoy the same. It won't be easy to " improve." As for Gilbert's words, no tampering has ever yet been suffered, by the author in his lifetime and tyranny, or by the D'Oyly Carte management since. But some of his books are indeed " dated " and to-day can be in parts boring or ineffective with their contemporary allusions to forgotten matters (such as golf and politicians and billiard sharpers and æsthetes). I hope I am no vandal (I am certainly a fan) if I suggest that a re-editing of certain passages and dialogues in one or two of the books by, say, A.P.H., would not be impious and might rekindle interest in a younger generation not so steeped in tradition as the elderly, and might be married not less happily to Sullivan's lovely strains. Sullivan has won his " perpetual copyright " on sheer merit. So has Gilbert in his less-dating " books." But in some of them a more modern revision would be neither vandalism nor bad box-office. It would be confined to deletion rather than to substitution.

Test Match Certainties.—In Test cricket there are two or three time-honoured and accepted principles and premises which seldom fail to materialise. The captain and the Selectors' panel are always wrong in their decisions unless the match is won. England always starts shakily and usually can chalk that up to a piece of " sheer bad luck " when a key man is kept out by illness or suffers injury in the field. These are the only certainties in Test cricket. There are some certainties also in the critics' " cricket." For, look, Hutton's team is " all wrong." He had chosen only three star bowlers, all of a piece ; two all-rounders ; five century-makers ; and a " substitute " wicketkeeper (sheer bad luck here and likely to cripple Bedser's game). And then, with his weak bowling, he puts Australia in. Temporary insanity ? Anybody could have told him . . . " A child could have foreseen " the need for five star and *varied* bowlers, at any rate after the first few hours of play . . . Well, Test matches are anybody's game but especially the critics', though they don't always see eye to eye when they report incidents in the field. Hutton has certainly paid for his decision, though, unlike the critics, he is forced to show " a right judgment " before the first ball is bowled and not after two days' play. He is a " poor old Hutton " now. His team has developed a deficiency complex difficult to live down. And we, the fans, have lost some of our zest for Test cricket while we observed seven Australian batsmen making runs at the dreary rate of 40 per hour for two days non-stop. And that rate of scoring for twelve consecutive hours is cricket at its worst at any level. Timeless, uninspired cricket, statisticians' cricket.

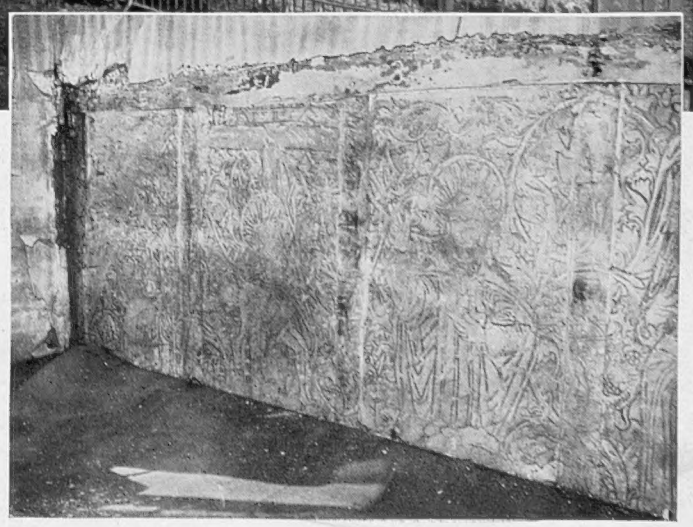
THE OLD STAGER

THE ROYAL YACHT SAYS GOOD-BYE TO HER PREDECESSOR



H.M.Y. " BRITANNIA " STEAMS PAST THE OLD " VICTORIA AND ALBERT," WHICH IS BEING MADE READY FOR THE SHIP-BREAKERS' YARD : This was the scene in Portsmouth Harbour last week as tugs stood by in readiness to tow the old Royal yacht to her last berth for breaking up. She has already been stripped of her valuable fittings. Much of the furniture has gone to the *Britannia*, while other pieces have gone to Buckingham Palace and to the Admiralty Pool at Deptford. The *Victoria and Albert* was launched in 1899 and displaced 4,700 tons ; she had a speed of 20 knots. During both World Wars she played the part of an accommodation ship. Her successor, *Britannia*, which was launched last year, would be converted into a hospital ship in the event of war.

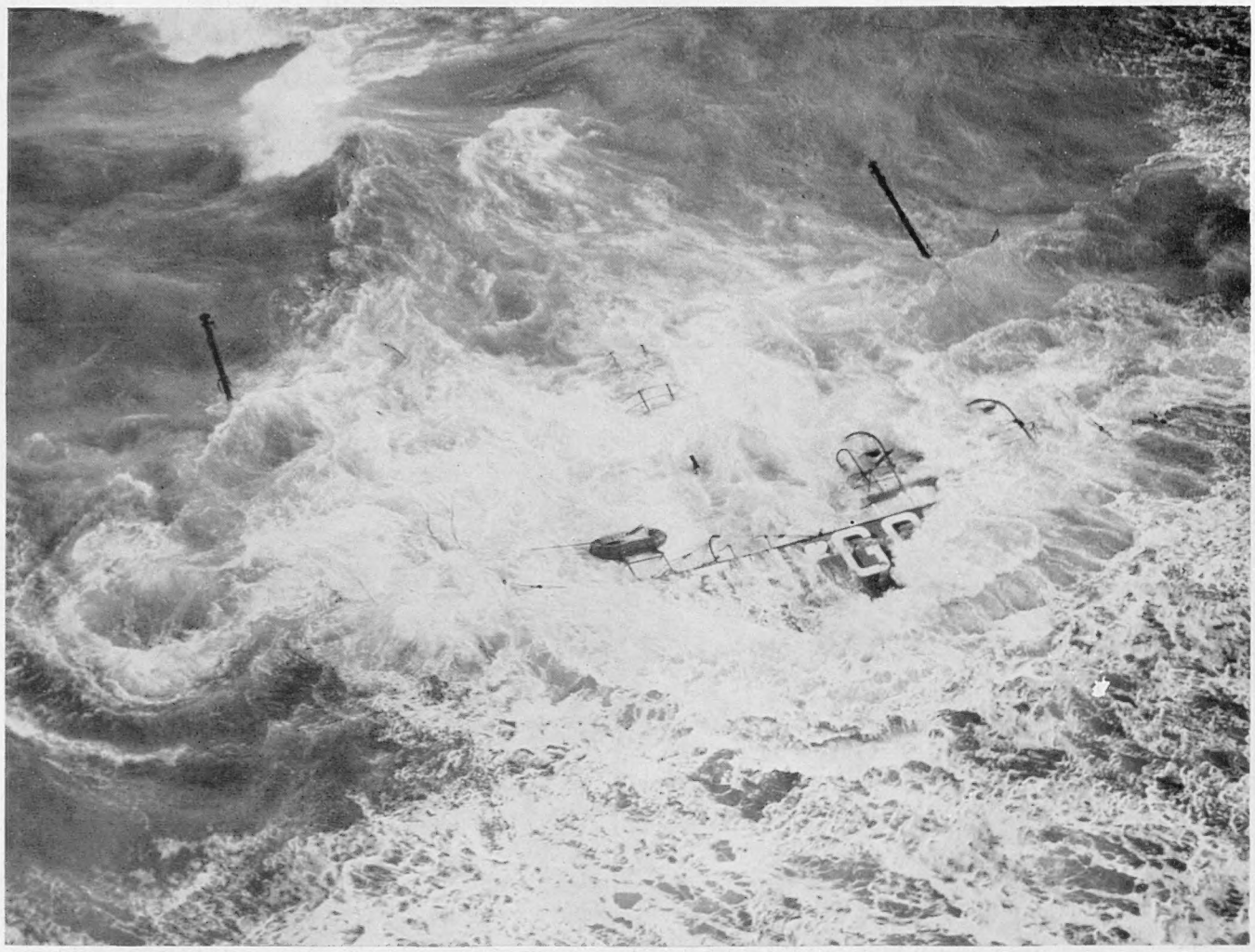
PRESERVING HISTORIC FINDS IN HERTFORDSHIRE



COTTAGES WHICH CONTAIN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY MURALS : Part of the group of four cottages at Piccotts End, Hemel Hempstead, Herts, which have been listed as being of special historical interest by the Ministry of Housing and Local Government. In one of them sacred wall paintings estimated to be over 400 years old have been uncovered. Other murals may be discovered.

On left—

THREE OF THE PANELS : They were found beneath layers of plaster, paint and whitewash. They depict, from the left, St. Peter wearing the triple crown ; the Descent from The Cross ; and Christ with His hand raised in blessing. It is understood the Ministry of Works may help in restoring them.



THE FURY OF THE CHANNEL WATERS SWEEPS OVER THE STRICKEN VESSEL : The swirling, foaming seas break over the South Goodwin Lightship, which lies on her side after being driven on to one of the worst stretches of the Goodwin sands between Ramsgate and Deal. The vessel, with eight men on board, broke her moorings in the severe gales last week. Only one man was rescued.

THE DRAMA OF THE GOODWINS

The Notorious Sands Claim t South Goodwin Lightship their Victim in Last Week's Ga

On left—

THE ONLY SIGN OF LIFE : A few ho after the wreck of the lightship man, standing just above the was seen waving to the aircraft ov head. He turned out to be Mr. Ro Murton, a Ministry of Agriculture sc tist, who was rescued by helicop He was the only survivor of the wre

ALMOST SUBMERGED : The heavy seas sweep over the lightship as she lies helpless near the Kellett Cut, one of the treacherous stretches of the Goodwins which she guarded. It was after this picture was taken that the only survivor was spotted and rescued. The South Goodwin is the first Trinity House lightship ever to be wrecked in a gale.

The severe gales which hit the coasts of Britain at the end of last week brought disaster and tragedy to the South Goodwin Lightship. As the 80 m.p.h. gales reached their most ferocious peak the lightship, which was lying off the notorious Goodwin Sands, was torn from her moorings and driven on to the sands by the merciless seas. This occurred at 2 a.m., and was observed by the ill-fated vessel's sister-ship, the East Goodwin Lightship. Lifeboats from Ramsgate, Deal and Dover were launched, but the storm was still such that the boats were quite unable to approach the vessel, which was by then lying on her side half-submerged on the sands of the Kellett Cut.

Later in the morning a helicopter of the U.S. Air Force's 66th Rescue Squadron, based on Manston, spotted a lone figure on the vessel waving feebly. Despite the strong winds, the helicopter managed to hover over the ship and rescue Mr. Ronald Murton, a Ministry of Agriculture scientist, who happened to be on board the lightship to observe bird migration. He had managed to climb from the galley and cling to a railing after the ship had struck the sands. It was then believed that three of the seven regular members of the crew might have been trapped below, but the heavy seas made it impossible to approach the lightship for some hours. When it was possible to board the vessel a party of Trinity House men from the *Patricia* and frogmen from H.M.S. *Romola* searched the ship. Oxy-acetylene cutters were used, and every compartment of the vessel was searched, but there was no trace of any of the missing men.

As the next high tide again submerged the lightship, all hope had to be abandoned for the seven men. It is believed possible that they lost their lives in attempting to abandon ship. The South Goodwin is the first Trinity House lightship ever to be wrecked by a gale. It was bitter irony that the greatly feared Goodwin Sands should claim, as yet another of their victims, the very men whose duty it was to protect other shipping from them. But the task of guarding the sands continued with hardly a break, and within forty-eight hours another vessel from Harwich took up her position in place of the wrecked ship.

AS THE WATERS RECEDE THE VESSEL IS BOARDED : The U.S. Air Force helicopter which took part in the rescue operations, despite the heavy winds, now stands on a stretch of the sands at low tide. Trinity House officials boarded the ship and made a thorough, but vain, search for the seven men who were still missing, and who, it had been thought, were trapped on board.

AN EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY PRESENT FROM SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S CONSTITUENTS AT WOODFORD, ESSEX : **The Prime Minister and his wife standing beside the portrait of Lady Churchill by John Napper, which was presented to Sir Winston by Conservatives in his constituency.** The presentation was made by the chairman of the constituency, Mr. John Harvey, during a meeting held at the Girls' County High School at Woodford. In the painting, Lady Churchill is dressed in a lavender lace evening gown, with a triple row of pearls. After the presentation Sir Winston spoke to the assembly and, in dealing with the policy of rearming Germany and including her in the ranks of the N.A.T.O. Powers, disclosed the contents of a telegram he had sent to Lord Montgomery near the end of the war. This was at the time when Russian troops were advancing across Europe and when "the Germans were surrendering by hundreds of thousands." His message directed that Lord Montgomery should be "careful in collecting the German arms, to stack them so that they could easily be issued again to the German soldiers whom we should have to work with if the Soviet advance continued."

SIR WINSTON'S MEMORABLE WEEK

The Premier is Honoured by His Constituency, the Britis Legion, and the "Old Folks" on the Occasion of Hi Eightieth Birthday; and He Goes to Waterloo Station to Gree the Queen Mother On Her Return from North Americ

A KISS FOR HIS WIFE, TO WHOM HE PAID TRIBUTE IN HIS SPEECH : **Sir Winston turns to Lady Churchill to embrace her during the ceremony at Woodford. Also seen on the platform are the Premier's daughter Sarah, and Mr. Alec McWilliam, Hon. Treasurer of the Woodford Divisional Conservative Association.**

THE "OLD FOLKS" SEND THEIR GIFT : **Lady Churchill is presented with a silver blotting-pad, a birthday gift to her husband, after opening the Church Army's "Churchill House" for elderly people at Sevenoaks, Kent.** This is the forty-seventh "Churchill House" to be opened, the scheme having been started in 1946 and dedicated to Sir Winston "in gratitude and admiration for his leadership during the war." The object is to provide moderately-rented unfurnished accommodation for elderly people who are without homes of their own, giving full facilities for living an independent and individual life—with no institutional atmosphere. After Lady Churchill had opened the latest house it was blessed by the Bishop of Rochester.

AT WATERLOO STATION TO GREET THE QUEEN MOTHER : Sir Winston Churchill in conversation with the Duke of Edinburgh just before the Queen Mother arrived from Southampton at the conclusion of her visit to Canada and the United States. The Queen and her children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, stand a few paces away waiting for the arrival of the train. *On right*— The Queen speaks to the Prime Minister. Also present at the station were members of the Government, the High Commissioner for Canada and the American Ambassador.

Below—

A PRESENTATION FROM THE BRITISH LEGION : Sir Winston and Lady Churchill seen with leading officers of the Legion at No. 10, Downing Street, when the Premier received a leather-bound illuminated address bearing the signatures of the entire National Executive Council. Beautifully bound, with the Legion badge on the cover, the book contains an inlaid print of Churchill Court—Sir Winston's gift to the Legion—and a symbolical cluster of poppies. Lady Churchill is holding a bouquet presented to her by Dame Regina Evans, the National Chairman of the Women's Section. Sir Winston, a life member of the Legion, is President of the Westerham (Kent) Branch. Also in the front row of this picture are Sir Brunel Cohen and Sir Ian Fraser, President. In the back row, from left to right, are : Major J. T. Spinks (Vice-Chairman) ; Mrs. W. E. Blackett-Ord ; Lieut.-Colonel C. Crosfield ; Mr. J .R. Griffin ; Captain S. H. Hampson (the National Chairman, who made the presentation) ; Lord Cromwell ; Dame Regina Evans, and Mr. T. F. Lister.

ALL SAVED FROM A TANKER WHICH BROKE IN HALF: The fore part of the Liberian tanker *World Concord* (20,125 tons), whose back was broken in the Irish Sea in the gales of last week-end. The seven men on this half had drifted for over thirty hours before their rescue by the lifeboat from Rosslare, County Wexford. The thirty-five in the stern half were more fortunate, being taken off after ten hours by the St. David's lifeboat.

A SHIP BREAKS IN TWO

The Rescue of the Crew from the Halves of the Tanker "World Concord" When Her Back was Broken by Tempest in the Irish Sea

One of the most thrilling incidents in the tempests of last week-end was the rescue of the crew of the Liberian tanker *World Concord* (20,125 tons) in the Irish Sea. Her back was broken by the gale and the halves rapidly drifted apart. Lifeboats from Wales and Ireland and Royal Naval aircraft joined together in saving the crew. Thirty-five of them were taken off from the stern half by the St. David's lifeboat, later on the day in which the disaster occurred.

The captain and the six men in the fore half underwent an even sterner ordeal, for thirty hours. They were buffeted northwards for fifty miles. They refused two offers from a helicopter to take them off, and only when their part-ship developed a list of 30 degs. did they ask for a lifeboat to come alongside. The lifeboat from Rosslare, County Wexford, succeeded in doing this. Later, tugs went out to start bringing the separate halves to port.

THE CAPTAIN THANKS HIS RESCUERS: Captain Nicholas Athanassiou shakes hands with Coxswain Richard Walsh, of the Rosslare lifeboat. The captain and his six men in the bow half of their ship had drifted some 50 miles northward before being rescued.

SAFE AFTER THEIR THIRTY-HOURS ORDEAL: The captain and his six men from the bow half of the *World Concord* arrive at Holyhead in the lifeboat. They are standing on the deck wearing darker clothes. About 200 people cheered them on arrival.

On left—

THE STERN HALF GETS UNDER WAY: As the gale abated, a tug succeeded in getting some of her crew aboard. Towing then began. The breaking of the tanker's back was "a chance in millions."

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL IN THE CABINET ROOM AT DOWNING STREET: On this page are three of the photographs specially taken of the Prime Minister to mark his eightieth birthday. Sir Winston sat for the cameras in a pose which emphasised the bulldog jaw and the resolute character which carried the country through the greatest crisis of the century. The Cabinet Room is the most famous apartment in the historic official residence of Prime Minister, No. 10, Downing Street. Sir Winston first sat in it as a Cabinet Minister forty-six years ago. Since then he has attended Cabinets of four Prime Ministers besides those at which he himself has presided.

THE CHURCHILL BIRTHDAY PICTURES

Photographs for which the Prime Minister Posed in the Historic Cabinet Room at Downing Street

Foreign News in Pictures

THE ONASSIS FLEET IN PERU

AND A SURVEY OF OTHER RECENT EVENTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

IN THE HANDS OF THE PERUVIAN GOVERNMENT: Two of the Onassis whaling ships which were forced into port by ships of the Peruvian Navy and aircraft of the Peruvian Air Force, seen at anchor at Paita, in northern Peru. They are the *Olympic Lightning* and the *Olympic Victor* which, according to a representative of Mr. Onassis, were captured 160 miles from the coast of Peru. Mr. Aristotle Socrates Onassis, a shipping magnate, Greek by birth, Argentinian by nationality, and at present living in New York, sent his fleet of whalers, manned mainly by Germans, and flying under the flag of Panama, into the Pacific. Within a few days the Government of Peru stated that a large proportion of the fleet had been captured, some after bombs had been dropped, because the fleet was invading Peruvian waters. Peru, backed by Chile and Ecuador, is claiming that her territorial rights extend to 200 miles from her shores, and last August this claim was rejected by the British Government. The dispute is now likely to be handled by the organisation of American States. British interests are, however, not confined to the outcome of the Peruvian claim. It is understood that Mr. Onassis has insured his fleet against a number of contingencies, and that the bulk of this (the figure £5,000,000 has been mentioned) is covered by Lloyd's of London.

THE SEIZED ONASSIS SHIPS: Four ships of the Onassis whaling fleet after they had been captured and taken into the port of Paita. They are the *Olympic Conqueror*, *Olympic Fighter*, *Olympic Victor* and the *Olympic Lightning*.

CARGO VESSELS COLLIDE AT NEW YORK: The Panamanian cargo vessel *Lake Charles*, with her stern in the air, is seen resting against the seawall of the East River, New York, after she had come into collision with the Japanese *Merinsan Maru*. The *Lake Charles* went down by the bow in 25 ft. of water which reached almost to the bridge. There were no casualties, but some of the crew had to be taken off the bridge by Fire Brigade ladders. The *Merinsan Maru*, with her bows stove in and deep gashes in the sides, made her way up river under her own steam until she could dock. When the two ships came into collision there was a light drizzle and it was extremely dark. The captain of the Japanese vessel stated that there had been a confusion in signals. Both ships were under the command of harbour pilots.

On right—

THE SUPREME GUIDE OF THE MUSLIM BROTHERHOOD ON TRIAL: Hussein el Hodeiby pleading not guilty before the "people's court" in Cairo. He was charged with treasonable actions by conspiring to overthrow Colonel Nasser's regime in Egypt and organising a secret armed organisation. The Supreme Guide was the second person to be tried since the arrests of members of the Muslim Brotherhood which followed the attempt on the life of the Prime Minister. Despite his predicament, however, Hussein el Hodeiby took time off to say his prayers regularly at the appropriate times.

On right—

ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUIDED MISSILES UNDER TEST IN SWITZERLAND: The picture shows the radar-controlled rocket on its launching platform in the Swiss Alps. Before firing, the rocket is tilted automatically into a vertical position. No details of this missile have been announced, but it is claimed that it can locate its own target and fly toward it.

A SWISS ANTI-AIRCRAFT ROCKET BEING LAUNCHED AT TSCHAMUT, IN THE SWISS ALPS: Despite her long neutrality, Switzerland is not unprepared. As well as experimenting with the rockets seen here, she is developing a jet fighter of her own design and has plans for a four-jet tail-less attack fighter aircraft.

MR. VYSHINSKY'S LYING-IN-STATE IN NEW YORK: Prominent Soviet representatives in the United States stand in vigil around the bier of Andrei Vyshinsky, the leader of the Soviet delegation at the United Nations, who died suddenly last week. At left is Mr. Georgi Zarubin, the Soviet Ambassador to the United States, and at right, Mr. Arkady Sobolev, Deputy Permanent Representative at the United Nations. Some 2,000 mourners and sympathisers filed past the body of Mr. Vyshinsky as he lay in state at the headquarters of the Soviet delegation in Park Avenue. Later Mr. Zarubin accompanied the remains of Mr. Vyshinsky to Moscow, where a State funeral was arranged. In the meantime Mr. Jacob Malik, the Russian Ambassador in London, flew to New York to take over, for the time being, at least, the leadership of the Soviet delegation at the United Nations.

THE LAST REICHSTAG FIRE: Newsreel cameramen record the destruction of the famous cupola above the Reichstag building in Berlin. This was the second attempt in recent weeks to demolish the cupola as a safety measure. Previously engineers tried thermite charges on the cupola, but these proved too weak and the girders remained standing. This time thermite charges were used to melt the girders at selected points, and the cupola then fell beneath its own weight. The Reichstag and the Brandenburg Gate near by have been the scenes of many historic events, notably the notorious Reichstag fire in 1933. This led to purges and pogroms and quickly established Hitler in power.

A "MESSERSCHMITT" FOR FRAU HESS: Frau Ilse Hess, wife of the Nazi leader now imprisoned for war crimes, is seen in a Messerschmitt cabin scooter with her son, Wolf Rudiger, at Hindelang, in Germany. The scooter had been presented to Frau Hess by Karl Messerschmitt himself. The designer of the famous German fighter plane has now turned his attention to these motor scooters. It was in one of his aircraft that Rudolf Hess made his ill-fated flight to Scotland in 1941.

On left—

A PRINCESS GREETS SANTA CLAUS: Princess Marijke, the youngest daughter of Queen Juliana of the Netherlands (background), shakes hands in Amsterdam with the Dutch Santa Claus. At left of the three children is her sister, Princess Margriet. The Dutch Santa Claus, wearing a mitre and cope and carrying a crozier, was officially welcomed to Amsterdam by Queen Juliana. According to tradition, he had come "from Spain." He arrived by steamer in the canals and rode on horseback through the streets to the square outside the Royal Palace.

A FAMOUS REGIMENT HAS ADDED TO ITS LAURELS IN KENYA: A picture of the farewell parade of the First Battalion, The Buffs (The Royal East Kents), in Nairobi. Headed by their band and with bayonets fixed, they are seen marching along Delamere Avenue. The Battalion had spent twenty months in action against the Mau Mau terrorists, and the City Council had invited them to march through Nairobi. They were due to embark at Mombasa on December 2 and are scheduled to arrive in Britain in time for Christmas.

ROMAN CATHOLICS IN VIET NAM DECIDE TO GO SOUTH: Roman Catholic refugees from the Phat-Diam district of the Red River Delta jamming the deck of a landing craft which took them to the evacuation port of Haiphong. The refugees, who had previously elected to remain in their homes under Viet-minh rule, changed their minds after a few weeks under the new rulers. It is stated that, despite Viet-minh assurances to the contrary, Roman Catholics were being persecuted, and some 20,000 of them made a belated decision to go south.

THE BLARNEY SPADE

At the Monard Mills, beside the Blarney River in Ireland, 120 Varieties of the Spade are Made to Cater for the Individual Tastes of the Irish Turf-cutter

WATER-POWER FOR THE SPADE-MAKERS OF MONARD: The water is piped into each mill to work the tilt hammers and water-wheels. Around the spade workshops at Monard, near Cork, the sound of rushing water and the heavy clump of hammers is heard all day long.

THE BEAUTIFUL SETTING NEAR THE BLARNEY RIVER: The cottages beside the stream hardly suggest a "factory estate." Yet the Monard mills, which make a great variety of spades and other turf-cutting implements, are nothing less than factories.

On left—

AT THE FURNACE: Donald Downey, a sixteen-year-old apprentice, is the first of his family to work at the Monard mills. This is unusual, for, in the main, the work is done by members of three families who have been making implements for three or four generations.

From village to village, from district to district, the spades of Ireland vary in size, in shape and in weight. You could call the Irishman's spade the measure of his individuality and his sturdy independence, but it would be truer to say that the spade reveals his extreme conservatism. He is hidebound by his determination to use exactly the same kind of spade as his father used before him, certain in the knowledge that only this type will suit the soil of his native heath.

A curious factory at Monard, near Cork, caters for this determined customer. Its sole product is the Irish pattern spade, called a fack, which, in general, means a narrow-tapered implement with its handle set in a square socket, and wedged by a step which is driven in on either side to suit the individual taste of the worker, who may be left- or right-footed. The Monard workshops may make only facks—but they make 120 varieties of fack! The craftsmen in iron are not fools enough to believe that they can ever persuade the farmer of Abbeyfeals to use a spade made for Newcastle West. The world would stop if they tried.

The Irishman needs a spade because so much of Ireland's surface is covered with turf bogs, from which the country obtains most of its fuel; he must be able to dig the "sod" with which he warms his home. The "slane," or turf-cutting variation of the fack, is similar to it, but has a right- or left-handed wing and is sharpened to a razor edge so that it will cut a complete sod from the face of the bog, in one smooth stroke. Because turf varies just as soil does, almost as many types of slane are made as of facks.

WHITE HEAT: Matthew Porteous, from a family of spade-makers, sits in a suspended chair as he draws a pair of tongs in white-hot iron.

SOME OF THE FACKS AND SLANES AT PRESENT IN PRODUCTION: The foreman, Tim O'Leary, and some of his apprentices show twenty-two of the 200 implements produced at Monard to cater for every individual taste.

The Monard works lie in a deep wooded valley which divides the towns of Monard and Coolowen, beside the Blarney River. The stream has been dammed to form three great Hammer Ponds, where ancient trees bend over the placid waters. On the flat banks are the forges of Monard, lichen-covered and blackened by the smoke of the furnaces, just below the level of the ponds which feed their water to the nine great wheels powering the ancient tilt hammers.

Descending the valley, each pond is lower than the last, so that the water flowing from mill to mill drives first one wheel and then the next. Between the ponds cottage gardens run to the water's edge. Here the workers and their families live, in surroundings unlike those of most factories. For generations the Porteouses, the Hayses and the O'Haras have worked and lived here. The Porteouses have always been platers, hammering out the plates from steel bars, standing before the great hammers fashioning facks to suit every district. The Hayses, with skill born of many generations, have always "finished" the plates by hand. And the O'Haras, so long as anyone can remember, have always worked with the greatest of the hammers, beating out ploughshares, or making axles for Ireland's sturdy country carts.

Often it is asked how such a factory, working by water-power, in the heart of the country, and with such antiquated tools as the great tilt hammers, can carry on to-day and compete with the modern plants of an industrial world. The answer lies in the soil of Ireland, and in the character of the men who till it. Because of the variety of spades in use, Monard turns out over 120 individual patterns, each in several sizes, and nearly as many types of slane. The demand for any one pattern is very small, perhaps a few dozen in the year, and so it could never be a practical proposition for a big factory to attempt to meet the needs of Ireland by mass-production. Bringing spades to Ireland would certainly be an even less sensible proposition than taking coals to Newcastle.

A NEW PATTERN IS DRAWN: John O'Hara, the third of his generation to work at the mills, drawing the new pattern of a spade outside one of the foundries.

POTENT NEW WEAPON FOR THE ROYAL NAVY—THE MIDGET SUBMARINE X51 UNDERGOING TRIALS IN THE GARELOCH, SCOTLAND: The small submarine, seen above, is the latest experimental type now being built. Details of the performance of this craft have not been released, but observers of a trial run held in the Gareloch were very impressed. The captain, Lieutenant John Midgley, stated that the X51, which is manned by a crew of five, can carry "all types of offensive weapons."

A NEW MIDGET SUBMARINE

The Navy's Latest Underwater Craft Shows her Paces in Scotland

During the last war, the value of the midget submarine was proved many times. Its ability to penetrate enemy defences much more easily than its larger sisters was soon realised, and after the war many experiments with this type were, and are still, being made. The submarine, pictured on this page, is the latest design in this field.

The X51 is the first of a new line of midget submarines, and replaces those of the XE class, built during the war and now no longer in use. Few details of the new midget have been released: she is 54 ft. long and is powered by Diesel motors for travelling on the surface and by electric motors when submerged. Her speeds are not known, but observers of the trials held on the Gareloch were impressed with her speed and manœuvrability. She could dive out of sight under the surface of the loch in a few seconds. Built by Vickers-Armstrong at Barrow-in-Furness, the X51 travelled from there to the Gareloch by train. When going into action midget submarines of this kind are normally towed on the surface by a parent submarine to the vicinity of the target and then cast off to proceed under their own power.

On left—

THE CAPTAIN AND HIS TINY SHIP: Lieutenant Midgley seen on board the midget submarine X51 during the trials held recently in Scotland. The submarine is to travel to Portland by rail, where she will eventually join the 2nd Submarine Squadron.

UNCOVERING THE "SUN SHIP" OF THE PHAROAH CHEOPS: Two pictures of how this important discovery was brought to light by the side of the Great Pyramid of Cheops at Giza. *On left*—Labourers hauling away the first of the forty-two stone blocks which covered the subterranean chamber in which the "sun ship" had lain hidden for over 5,000 years. *On right*—The block is rolled away. It weighed 2 tons. The boat was probably buried near the Pharoah to carry him on his eternal journey with the sun.

A FIRST VIEW OF THE 5,000-YEARS-OLD BOAT: It is probably the oldest structure of its kind in the world. The roof of the burial chamber was unearthed last May, but hitherto only a fraction of the boat had been glimpsed through a peephole drilled into the stone. It is 120 ft. long and in a fair state of preservation, although the linen covering it had rotted.

THE "SUN SHIP" OF CHEOPS IS UNCOVERED

After 5,000 Years the Pharoah's Vessel for His Eternal Voyage is Brought to Light by the Great Pyramid at Giza

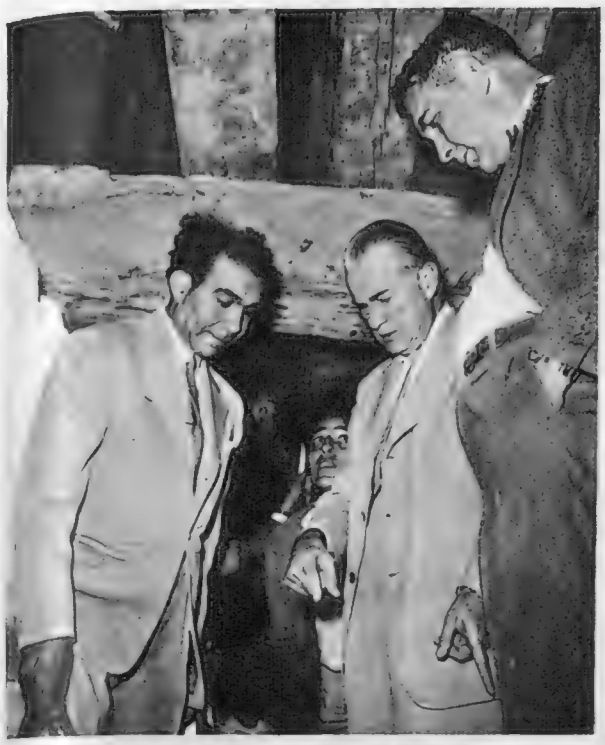
Months of careful preparation were necessary before one of the most important archæological discoveries ever made could be presented to the world. This is the "sun ship" which was buried with the Pharoah, Cheops, about 3,000 B.C.

Last May, Kamel Malakh, an archæologist and architect of the Egyptian Antiquities Department, unearthed by the side of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, at Giza, the roof of what appeared to be a stone vault. Further investigation showed that it was a subterranean chamber composed of forty-two blocks, each estimated to weigh 2 tons. A peephole was drilled through one of these slabs and the little which could be seen indicated that here lay a find without parallel. All the evidence supported the view that it was "a boat for the voyage through eternity." At the end of last month, Dr. Malakh's preparations were ready. Labourers, in their exertions chanting praise to Allah, hauled away the first of the blocks covering the chamber. The archæologists descended and found in a long, narrow compartment a wooden structure covered with rotted linen. Its length was about 120 ft. and the timber was in a fair state of preservation. A treasure of 5,000 years in age had been revealed.

Undoubtedly it was a "sun" or "solar" ship which had been buried with Cheops. Probing of the further wall of its resting place suggested that there was another chamber beyond it, in which might be a second boat. Two boats would have been normal according to the religious practices of the time of the great Pharoah. The purpose of the vessels is to carry him "for all time" in his perpetual voyage with the sun. In one ship—probably the one already unearthed—he journeys by day. In the other he travels by night.

On the roof and walls of the chamber were hieroglyphics, quarry marks and the names of some of those in the labour gangs which built it. Several red hieroglyphs gave the name of Tet-F-Ra, the son of Cheops and presumably his successor. Tet-F-Ra was the child of one of Cheops' minor wives, a Libyan, and it is generally assumed that he obtained his succession by a palace intrigue. He murdered the Crown Prince Kawab, and married his wife, Hetep-heres II. Hitherto, chronologists have given Tet-F-Ra a reign of eight years. But the written evidence from the walls of this burial chamber indicate that the minimum period of his reign may well have been eleven years. If this is so, it will mean changing the dates in the lists compiled hitherto of the kings in the Fourth Dynasty.

About 200 Egyptologists, Cabinet Ministers, diplomats and newspaper correspondents were invited to be present when Dr. Kamel Malakh and his team opened up their momentous discovery. Over the vault a timber structure had been erected to house the pulleys, chains and ropes which helped the labourers to raise the stone blocks.



THE DISCOVERER SHOWS HIS FIND: Kamel Malakh, the architect of the Egyptian Antiquities Department (on the left), looks at the ship in its burial chamber with Mr. Jefferson Caffery, the American Ambassador (in the centre).

THE EXCAVATIONS BY THE PYRAMID: The wooden structure covering the vault in which the ship was discovered stands below the Great Pyramid of Cheops, at Giza. There was every indication that further excavations would lead to the discovery of another boat. According to archæologists this would mean there was one ship for the eternal journey by day and the other for the night voyaging.

THE TIMBER BENEATH THE ROTTED SHROUD: After 5,000 years the linen coverings had disintegrated. Great care is being taken by the archæologists to ensure the wood of the boat itself shall be kept in the best state of preservation. Before opening the chamber they had consulted experts in Oslo who had restored a Viking ship.

THE EMBLEM OF THE PROW: The figurehead is carved in the shape of a lotus flower, one of the emblems which was sacred in ancient Egypt. The prow, with the rest of the boat, is built of brown cedarwood.

THE VESSEL IN WHICH THE PHARAOH'S SOUL VOYAGES FOR EVER: A picture of the "sun ship" lying in its vault. It was probably placed here about 3,000 B.C. by Cheops' successor in the Fourth Dynasty. Hieroglyphics found on the surrounding stone suggest that this was his son, Tet-F-Ra.

THE DRUMMOND MURDERS TRIAL

Scenes from the Court at Digne During the Trial of Gaston Dominici who was Found Guilty of Committing the Crimes

Accusations and counter-accusations between members of his family marked the later stages of the trial of Gaston Dominici at Digne. The seventy-seven-year-old French farmer was charged with the murders of Sir Jack Drummond, his wife and daughter, in August 1952. They were killed when camping near Dominici's farm at Lurs. Throughout the trial Gaston Dominici protested his innocence, but was found guilty.

At times the proceedings tended to degenerate into a family brawl. The elder son, Clovis, asserted that his father had admitted to him that he was guilty of the crimes. The judge told him: "It is a terrible thing for a son to accuse his father, especially when it concerns so horrible a crime." Clovis replied: "I stick to what I have said before." Against this, the younger son, Gustave, maintained his father was innocent. He retracted earlier alleged statements in which he was said to have accused his father of the murders.

Other members of the family also gave evidence. Marie Dominici, the seventy-five-year-old wife of the accused man, firmly declared her belief in her husband's innocence. Conflicting testimony led to scenes and uproar. On at least one occasion there were three Dominicis on the witness-stand together, hurling abuse and accusations at each other.

It was clear in the later stages that the strain of the trial was beginning to tell on the accused. He seemed confused by the vast number of witnesses. But he never lost interest when members of his family appeared.

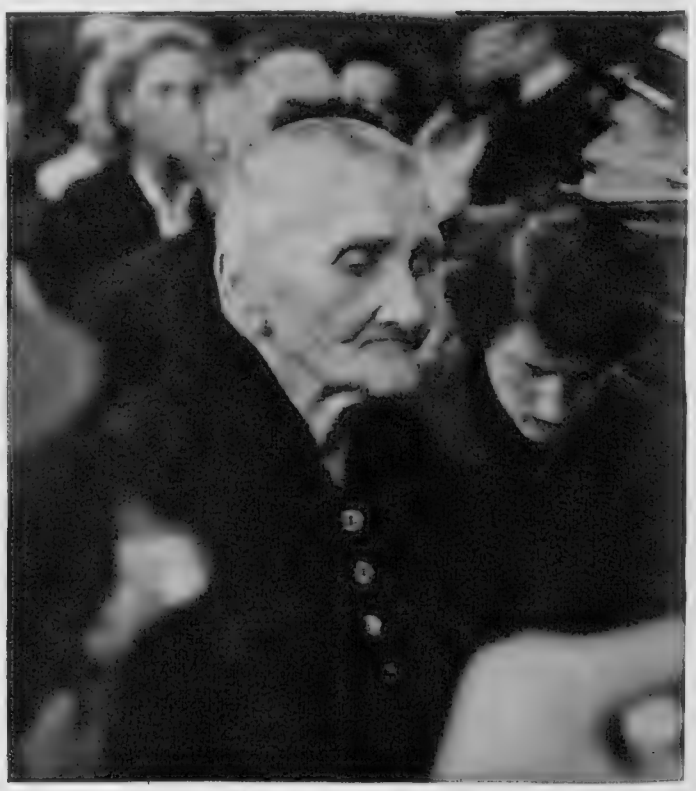
DOMINICI READS THE NEWS HE IS MAKING: The seventy-seven-year-old farmer peers over the dock at a newspaper report of his trial. A scene from the courtroom at Digne, where Gaston Dominici was charged with the murders of Sir Jack Drummond, his wife and daughter.

On left—
THE ELDEST SON ACCUSES HIS FATHER: This was an incident during the trial when Clovis Dominici (left) alleged his father was guilty. Gaston, from the dock, is protesting his innocence.

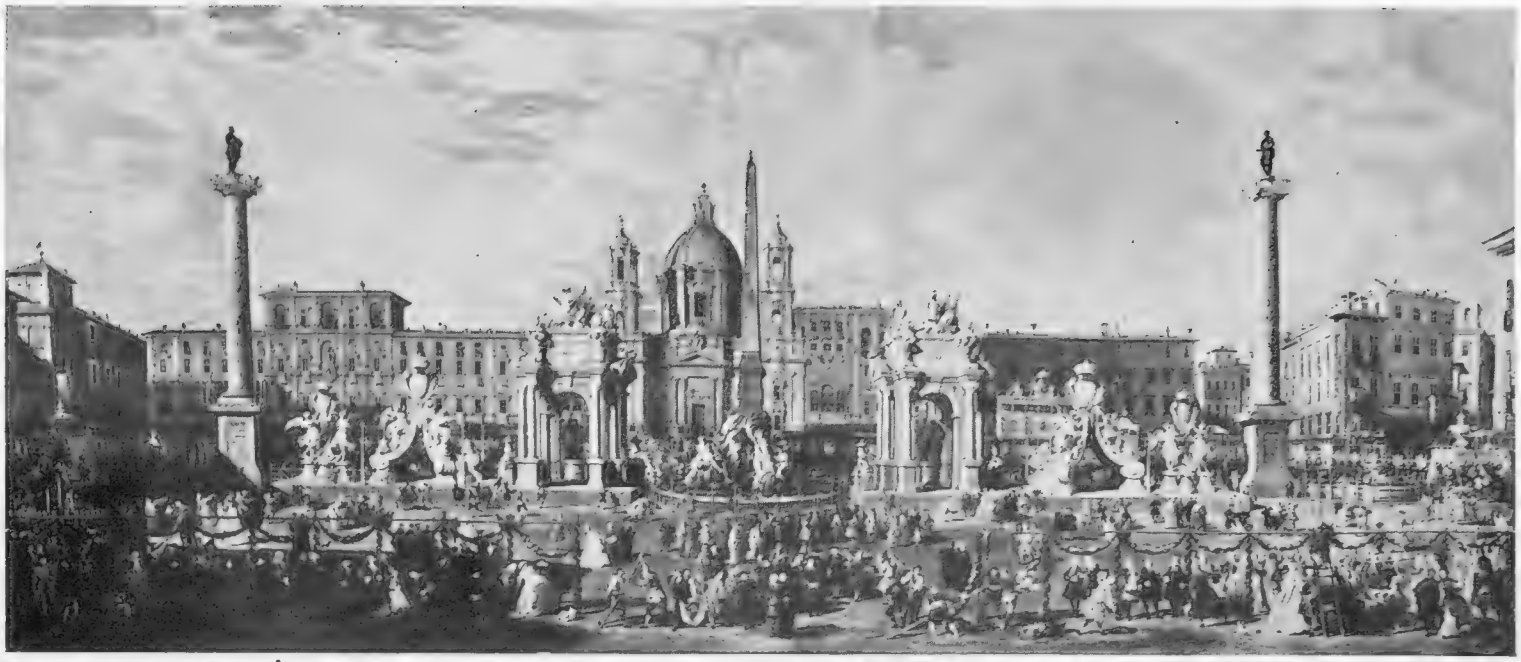
On right—
"MY FATHER IS INNOCENT": Gustave Dominici, one of the accused man's seven children, testifies to his father's innocence.

THE EVIDENCE OF THE POLICE: Police Commissioner Edmond Sebeille, in charge of the case, gives his testimony. He was often interrupted by Gaston Dominici.

A DAUGHTER-IN-LAW IS CALLED: Yvette Dominici on the stand. She is the wife of Gustave, the son who maintained his father was innocent. Yvette gave her account of happenings on the night of the murder.



THE WIFE DEFENDS HER HUSBAND: Marie Dominici, seventy-five years old, firmly asserted her husband's innocence. In clear tones she declared: "I have nothing to reproach my husband for. He has given me all I wanted. I miss him at home."



1. "PREPARATIONS FOR A FÊTE ON THE PIAZZA NAVONA" by GIOVANNI PAOLO PANNINI: This picture contains nearly 400 figures, including the Old Pretender and Bonnie Prince Charlie, who were both in Rome at the time. The fête was given by Cardinal de Polignac, the French Ambassador in Rome, to celebrate the birth of a son to Louis XV in 1729. Huge groups of sculpture were erected round the Bernini Fountain.

EUROPEAN MASTERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

A Review of the Brilliant Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy

By R. H. WILENSKI

THIS year's Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy is a cross-section of European painting in the eighteenth century. We "tune in," as it were, from the Home service of the time to simultaneous services in France, Italy and Spain; and though the period "tang" is everywhere discernible, each national station has special features to attract us.

There are more than 600 pictures and many drawings combining to evoke the costume, character and colour of the century which some think of as the Rococo period and others as the Age of Reason; the period when French decorative art and English ideas spread across the Continent; the time when the Empress Maria Theresa, courting a French alliance, wrote to Madame de Pompadour as "*Madame ma très chère sœur*"; when Frederick of Prussia was host to Voltaire and waging war against his neighbours, and Catherine of Russia sent her portrait on jewelled snuff-boxes to Joseph Wright in Derby and Sir Joshua Reynolds in Leicester Fields. This, too, was the time when Venice was Europe's playground and the Spanish Bourbons spent fortunes on their palaces at La Granja, Aranjuez and Madrid; a time of fêtes and lavish public ceremonies epitomized in its pageant and international aspects by PANNINI's astounding picture of the *Piazza Navona* transformed for a fête to celebrate the birth of a Dauphin to the King of France (No. 1).

The eighteenth century bristles with events and names that are known to everyone. But it was, none the less, a restricted period, a span of roughly seventy-five years from 1715 to 1789—for until Queen Anne and Louis XIV died, Europe was still in the seventeenth century (Marlborough and his contemporaries in the War of the Spanish Succession were long-curled periwig men), and with the French Revolution the nineteenth century began. We see this in the pictures. For WATTEAU, who died at thirty-seven in 1721, was all his life a seventeenth-century artist continuing and adding poetry to Flemish traditions that go back to the sixteenth century (Valenciennes was not part of France until six years before he was born there). And the same traditions are in the works of PIETER VAN ANGELLIS, whose works I had hoped to see at the Royal Academy. He was a Fleming who came to London in 1712, and may be said to have forestalled HOGARTH.

RAEBURN, on the other hand, who started a few years before REYNOLDS died and remade his art with summary bravura and a photographic eye, was essentially a nineteenth-century painter. So also, from the middle 'nineties, was FRANCISCO GOYA, whose stupendous character study of his friend the poet *Don Juan Meléndez Valdés* (No. 18) shows a tense, inhibited neurotic, who, cracking under strain, took office for Joseph Bonaparte and had to flee to France when King Ferdinand came back.

But within these seventy-five years the art of painting was extremely various; though some of the artists were cosmopolitans producing standard types of decoration for major and minor potentates who all wanted the same thing, the painters working for other circles differed largely from one another in their choice of subjects, their social attitudes and their pictorial techniques.

Thus the exhibition displays, appropriately, large, restless, prettily-coloured decorations with clouds and cupids and Olympic figures and *trompe-l'œil* architectural effects painted for palace walls and ceilings; hunting pieces with sporting dogs, and hunt luncheons with trophies of the chase, and various kinds of still life; exotic themes for tapestries; fantastic or sentimental renderings of pastoral and rural subjects; portraits plain and posturing of Royal favourites, nobles and commoners, intellectuals and artists; artificial landscapes composed with the aid of the "Claude" dark glass and naturalistic views produced with the aid of a *camera obscura*; lively or pedestrian records of street life, public fêtes and ceremonies; and sober genre studies of housewives and their children and the servants below stairs.

The English, French and Venetian are, naturally, the richest sections; and as the English painters are so well known here, the Academy has aimed to show them at their highest levels or in works especially intriguing as social or costume records. The Home service thus leads off bravely with HOGARTH's delightful *Children Performing in Dryden's "Indian Emperor: or the Conquest of Mexico"* (No. 5), his impressive portrait of the sturdy *Captain Coram, Founder of the Foundling Hospital* and the animated *March to Finchley*, where the Guards are lampooned as deplorably ill-disciplined on their way to Scotland to deal with the '45.

RICHARD WILSON appears with a version of his *Cader Idris* and a *Carnavon Castle* serenely bathed in sunset light and reflected in still waters (No. 9). All the high qualities of REYNOLDS are in the famous *Georgiana, Countess Spencer, and her daughter, Lady Georgiana Spencer* (No. 8), where the dog plays so vital a part in the composition. And GAINSBOROUGH's delicate talents are displayed in *The Three Elder Daughters of George III.* (lent by the Queen) and portraits of other ladies; in the feathery landscape with genre figures called *The Ford*, and above all in the portrait of the handsome boy *The Hon. Edward Bouverie* (No. 7), in a blue fancy-dress suit of the Van Dyck period (which, I fancy, he left behind in the studio and Gainsborough then used in the genre-portrait called *The Blue Boy*).

ROMNEY is attractively seen in the Eton College portrait of the young *Lord Grey*. There are portraits of actors on the stage, and a conversation group of *The Cowper and Gore Families*, where two of the sitters inflict a 'cello and clavichord duet upon the others, by the German JOHANN ZOFFANY, who worked here from 1760 and touched his peak in *Queen Charlotte in Her Dressing Room*, lent by the Queen from Windsor. Finally, GEORGE STUBBS, once ranked only as a "sporting painter," displays his full stature as human and horse portraitist and pictorial composer in a number of pictures including the *Melbourne and Milbanke Families* (No. 6).

In the French section we have ANTOINE WATTEAU

(Continued on page 428)

2. "COURTYARD OF A PALACE" by ANTONIO CANALE (CANALETTO): The Exhibition at Burlington House is rich in views of Venice by this artist, whose work is now sensationally expensive in the international art market. He visited London both before and after 1750.

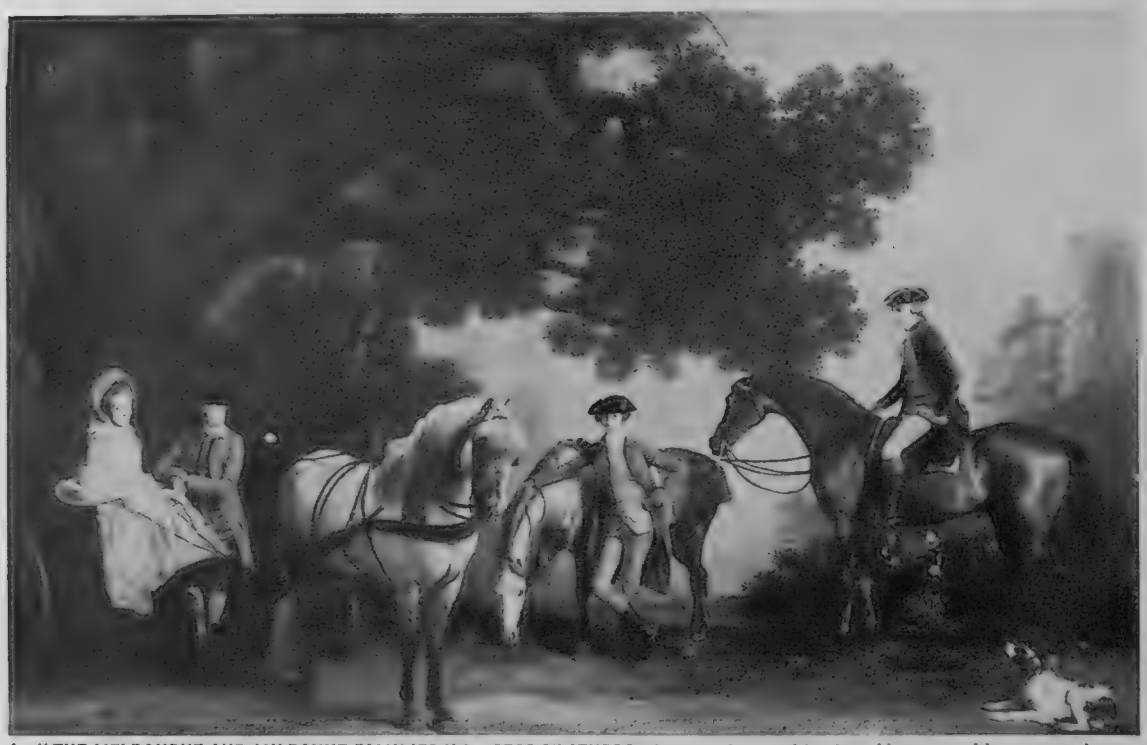
3. "SKETCH FOR A CEILING PANEL" by CORRADO GIAQUINTO: An example of the decorative style in international painting at this period. Giaquinto went to Madrid in 1753 to work in the palace of Ferdinand VI.

EUROPEAN MASTERS of the EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

(*Continued*)

4. **"THE BUCCLEUCH FAMILY," by HENRI-PIERRE DANLOUX:** This picture, painted for Elizabeth, Duchess of Buccleuch, was begun at Dalkeith in 1796 and finished in London about two years later. Danloux was a pupil of Bernard Lépicié.

5. **"CHILDREN PERFORMING IN DRYDEN'S 'INDIAN EMPEROR: OR THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO,'" by WILLIAM HOGARTH:** The performance took place in 1731 in the house of Mr. John C[illegible]dritt, Master of the Mint. The audience included the Princesses Louisa and Mary and the Duke of Cu[illegible]rland.



6. **"THE MELBOURNE AND MILBANKE FAMILIES" by GEORGE STUBBS:** An engaging combination of human and horse portraiture, with a handsome park as its setting. It was painted about 1770, four years after the publication of the "Anatomy of the Horse." Beside Lady Melbourne, at left, stands her father, Sir Ralph Milbanke; in the centre, her brother; at right, her husband.

7. **"THE HON. EDWARD BOUVERIE" by THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH:** Painted in Bath in 1773. The sitter's Van Dyck fancy dress was probably used later by Gainsborough in his "Blue Boy."

8. **"GEORGIANA, COUNTESS SPENCER, AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY GEORGIANA SPENCER" by SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS:** This important picture, lent once again from Althorpe, was finished in 1761.

9. **"CARNAVON CASTLE" by RICHARD WILSON:** This shows the great Welsh artist's personal adaptation of the Claude Lorraine tradition. Wilson also knew works by the earlier painters of the Venetian views (as he went to Venice in 1750 on his way to Rome), and some pictures by Venetians are not unlike his style. He spent his last years in Wales, out of favour with collectors; and when he died at Llanberis in 1782, at the age of sixty-eight, no newspaper troubled to record the event.

10. **"THE CELLAR BOY" by JEAN-BAPTISTE-SIMÉON CHARDIN:** A subtle blend of human interest and still-life painting. The companion piece, "The Scullery Maid," is also on show.

11. **"FÊTE DE ST. CLOUD" by JEAN-HONORÉ FRAGONARD:** In this delicious rendering of the St. Cloud Park, with its noble trees, little figures cluster round the side-shows at the fair and watch the fountain, known as the Jet Géant, as it rises to a height of 140 ft. The picture was painted for the Governor of the Banque de France, and is still owned by the Bank.

12. **"LOUISE O'MURPHY" by FRANÇOIS BOUCHER:** Louise O'Murphy, the daughter of an Irish cobbler, was a professional model known in Paris as "la petite morfile," and is believed to have posed for this charming picture in 1752.

13. **"LANDSCAPE WITH WATER MILL" by FRANÇOIS BOUCHER:** As the favourite artist of Madame de Pompadour, Boucher designed for stage performances and tapestries, and painted many pastoral pieces like this one (dated 1755), as well as his better-known panels with Olympic or allegorical designs.

14. **"THE LITTLE DRAUGHTSMAN" by NICOLAS-BERNARD LÉPICIÉ:** Son of an engraver who reproduced some works by Chardin, Lépicié was mainly a painter of religious and "history" subjects. But occasionally, as here, he turned with success to Chardin's simple themes. The model for this picture is probably Carle Vernet, Lépicié's pupil.

15. **"LES PLAISIRS DU BAL" by ANTOINE WATTEAU:** Hazlitt wrote of this picture, "Watteau seems to breathe his figures on the canvas." Reynolds said, "Watteau is a master I adore." Both would have enjoyed, not only the paintings by him, but also his drawings in this show. This picture was bequeathed in 1814 to the Dulwich College Picture Gallery, to whom it now belongs, and is reproduced by permission of the Governors.

16. "BANQUET OF CLEOPATRA" by GIOVANNI BATTISTA TIEPOLO: This painting, measuring 8 by 11½ ft., is an early work much influenced by Veronese. It is now owned by the National Gallery of Victoria in Melbourne; it was formerly in the Hermitage at Leningrad, for Catherine the Great had in 1760 acquired the picture from the Saxon collector, Count Brühl, who had become its first owner.

EUROPEAN MASTERS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

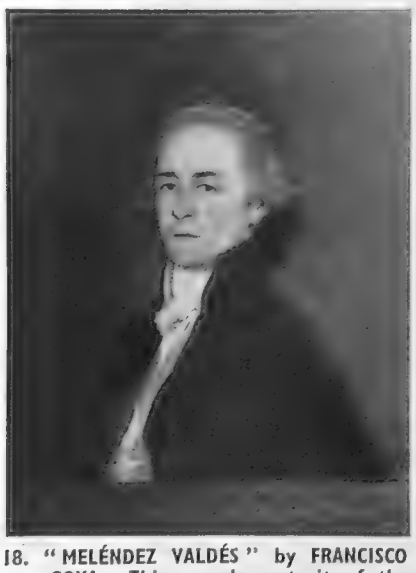
(*Continued from page 425*)

with the exquisite and recently well-cleaned *Les Plaisirs du Bal* (*Bal Champêtre*) (No. 15) from Dulwich, the equally famous *Venetian Fête* from Edinburgh, together with other pictures and more than forty drawings by or ascribed to him. Then come his followers, the delightful colourist JEAN-BAPTISTE PATER, and NICOLAS LANCRET, very Flemish in the *Wedding Feast*, lent by the Angers Museum, and prettily attractive in the genre piece *Mischief* (*La Malice*) from Dublin, which a first-rate painter—Chardin, for example—would have made a formal unity by "losing" in some manner the little girl's left arm. CHARDIN himself is here to enchant us in the *Morning Toilet* (*Le Négligé*) from Stockholm and in *The Cellar Boy* (*Le Garçon Cabaretier*) (No. 10), with its companion *The Scullery Maid* (*La Récureuse*), both so beautifully written of by Mr. Walter de la Mare in his Faber Gallery essay on this artist.

Chardin's follower, NICOLAS-BERNARD LÉPICIÉ, takes a favourite Chardin subject in his *Little Draughtsman* (No. 14), but whereas Chardin's young people are all gravity this boy is definitely arch. Cold, brilliant FRANÇOIS BOUCHER, the central Rococo painter, is excellently shown in Chinese subjects designed for Beauvais tapestry, in *Louise O'Murphy*, a nude as dainty as a porcelain statue (No. 12), in artificial landscapes with pastoral figures like the *Landscape with Water Mill* (No. 13), and in the well-known Edinburgh portrait *Madame de Pompadour on a Chaise Longue*, which we can compare here with Lord Rosebery's full-length *Madame de Pompadour Embroidering*, by FRANÇOIS HUBERT DROUAIS, where the sitter at forty-two, in the year before her death, has her pet dog as companion and objects of the finest craftsmanship around her. Drouais, doubtless launched by this picture, became the most fashionable portraitist in the time of Madame du Barry, who is seen here in a picture called *Madame du Barry* by MADAME VIGÉE LEBRUN—then beginning her career as a graceful portraitist and not yet the protégée of Marie Antoinette.

The verve and gaiety of FRAGONARD are captivating in a number of pictures and irresistible in his crowning masterpiece *Fête de St. Cloud* (No. 11), with its magic disposition of the light and shade on trees and fountain and its lively little figures touched in with impasto round the booths and side-shows. When the Revolution came Fragonard survived as a Louvre official, thanks to a kind act done long before to Louis David, the Revolution's art-commissar-in-chief; and LOUIS LÉOPOLD BOILLY, seen in the show as a skilful painter of "tableaux de modes," also weathered the storm by sketching hastily a large *Triumph of Marat* when informed that the commissars were coming to arrest him.

17. "THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO," by PIETRO LONGHI: A typical genre piece by the painter, who is sometimes called the Venetian Hogarth. The young lady and her escort have dropped in for the sitting from the Carnival outside.



18. "MELÉNDEZ VALDÉS" by FRANCISCO GOYA: This superb portrait of the poet was given by Goya to the sitter in 1797. It comes from Barnard Castle.

19. "FLASK IN A CORK CONTAINER" by LUIS MENÉNDEZ: The intense "close-up" still-life pieces by this artist are a feature in the Spanish group.

Venice, in sad descent from her Golden Age, had a host of small men painting views or genre records and pompous derivative "history" painters like SEBASTIANO RICCI. But GIOVANNI BATTISTA TIEPOLO, who stands out as a major artist, can be admirably studied in a series of examples, starting from the large *Banquet of Cleopatra* (No. 16), an early work with echoes of Veronese but full, none the less, of Tiepolo's own rhythms, his own jagged outlines and his personal pleasure in elongated forms. The painters of the Canale Grande, the Piazza S. Marco, the Piazzeta, the Campo SS. Giovanni e Paolo with the Colleoni statue, and so on, sold these "Souvenirs of Venice" to the countless travellers who went there for the Ridotto and the Carnival. The most skilful practitioners, LUCA CARLEVARIS, who is said to have launched the fashion before 1730, MICHELE MARIESCHI, ANTONIO CANALE (CANALETTO), his nephew BERNARDO BELLOTTO, FRANCESCO GUARDI are all to be seen in the Show; and there are also genre pieces by PIETRO LONGHI, well known to us all through his *Carnival Company Inspecting a Rhinoceros* at Trafalgar Square.

The Spanish Bourbons employed for the most part foreign painters in this period—Frenchmen like Michel Ange Houasse, and LOUIS-MICHEL VAN LOO, the German-trained Bohemian RAPHAEL MENGS, who came from Rome, where he had led a neo-classic movement with the German critic Winkelmann, Italians like JACOPO AMIGONI, CORRADO GIAQUINTO, whose sketch for a ceiling in the Madrid palace *Minerva Presenting Spain to Jupiter and Juno* (No. 3) has been recently acquired by the National Gallery, and TIEPOLO, himself, who worked in Madrid from 1762 and died there in 1770.

But there were also native painters who found favour. GOYA, of course, could not fail to impose his massive powers on everyone; and there were minor artists like LUIS PARET Y ALCAZAR, who painted *Charles III at Dinner* in a style forestalling Orchardson; and LUIS EUGENIO MENÉNDEZ (or Meléndez) who painted a fascinating *Self Portrait*, which belongs to the Louvre, and vainly petitioned the King to make him a Court Painter on the ground that though he had painted "Every eatable produced by the soil of Spain" he had little to eat himself, and owned nothing but his brushes and his colours. Meléndez has hitherto been little known in England; but his intense "close-up" studies now exhibited—like (No. 19), lent us by the Prado—are sure to arouse much interest.

THE NEW TERMINAL BUILDING WHICH WAS OPENED LAST WEEK : A view of the building from the airfield. At left can be seen the control tower. The new terminal was opened last week by the Minister of Transport, and will cope with the increased air traffic which is now flowing through Glasgow's airport to and from all parts of Britain and the Continent.

INSIDE THE TERMINAL : The main entrance hall, with the passengers' lounges and the buffet and cocktail bar. The main stairway leads to the dining gallery, from which visitors can overlook the airfield.

RENFREW'S NEW AIR TERMINAL

The New Building at Scotland's Biggest Airport, where Traffic has been Steadily Increasing Over the Last Few Years

When the new terminal building at Renfrew Airport was opened by the Minister of Transport last week, a new milestone along the road of Scottish aviation was passed. Renfrew has been Scotland's leading airport ever since the First World War, when cadets of the Royal Flying Corps received their initial training there. Between the wars Renfrew became a civil aerodrome used by flying clubs and Auxiliary Air Force squadrons. But already commercial concerns showed their interest in a site which, because of its proximity to Glasgow, was bound to be of the greatest importance, and by 1938 Renfrew had already become the centre of a network of air routes linking Glasgow with all parts of Scotland, as well as England, Ireland, and the Isle of Man.

The war prevented further development of Renfrew as a great civil airport, but immediately after the war the size and scope of traffic there increased enormously, and it became apparent that great improvements would have to be made to the amenities there. Accordingly, the new terminal building was planned, and it has now been completed at a cost of £260,000. The design and execution of this new building is startling and controversial. There is a reinforced concrete arch on which the roof of the main concourse is suspended. This cantilever construction, together with the double glass walls, provides maximum space and light. The control tower is also of novel design, its mushroom-like shape being a distinctive feature of the new building, which also includes fine restaurant accommodation overlooking the runways. The new terminal is in keeping with the development of Renfew as an airport of the first importance in Britain.

THE TERMINAL FROM THE CONTROL TOWER : The wings of the building are two storeys high. In addition to restaurant and lounge accommodation, there is ample room for offices. At the north end of the terminal is a single-storey building for Customs stores. Altogether over 30,000 sq. ft. of glass has been installed in the terminal.

On left—

THE BOLD LINES OF THE NEW BUILDING : The reinforced concrete arch on which the roof of the building is suspended. This cantilever construction, and the glass walls, ensure an unusual amount of light and spaciousness within.

THE CONTROL TOWER : The mushroom-shaped tower to the south of the terminal is designed to give a maximum view of ground and sky. It still has to be fitted with some of the modern equipment for the control unit.

PRODUCING AN AMATEUR SHOW

Last Week's Production of "No No Nanette," by the Lloyd's Dramatic, Operatic and Musical Society, was Evidence of the High Standards of the Amateur Theatre in Britain

The amateur theatre in Britain has never been in a healthier state than it is at present. All over the country its standards improve every year. Nowhere has it a higher reputation than in the City of London. Here the big business institutions draw on the willing enthusiasm of their members and develop it into a remarkably talented performance. One of the best-known of these amateur companies is the Dramatic, Operatic and Musical Society of Lloyd's, which last week enhanced its already established record with four performances of the musical comedy *No No Nanette* at the Scala Theatre.

Lloyd's is a British Institution whose name stands for straight dealing and integrity in every civilised language of the world. In the famous underwriting room millions of pounds of insurance are undertaken each year, the bond to the insurer being simply the word of the member. Lloyd's covers the world, in shipping and a hundred other forms of risk, and the prompt and unequivocal manner in which claims are settled makes its practice an example which no other organisation can emulate.

Its story began in a peculiarly English way, when, nearly 300 years ago, a group of men interested in shipping started meeting for the transaction of their business in the coffee-house of one Edward Lloyd. From this has grown the gigantic insurance institution. But the spirit of the coffee-house club still animates its organisation. Lloyd's can only be understood if one regards it as an association of men who are agreed that each of them is "clubbable," in the Johnsonian sense, and who consider it their first concern to maintain their exclusive reputation.

This club spirit permeates into all the activities of Lloyd's, including its Dramatic, Operatic and Musical Society. Membership is limited, being open, in the words of the rules, only to "Gentlemen whose business is connected with Insurance." In effect, this means those in brokers' firms and others employed by Underwriters in the Room. Membership is not open to women. The women players in their shows are invited. Usually they are relatives of someone with connections with Lloyd's.

REHEARSING AN AMATEUR SHOW: In the Captain's Room in the Lloyd's Building, in London, during a rehearsal of *No No Nanette*, are Frederick Lloyd, producer, and Joan Grove (Sue Smith).

THE COMMITTEE DECIDES ON THE PRODUCTION: Members of the Committee of the Lloyd's Dramatic, Operatic and Musical Society discuss their plans for *No No Nanette* in the Library of the famous insurance building. Left to right: T. Ching, F. Bell (Stage Manager), H. W. Winter, H. Prince, L. Wilding (Hon. Secretary), W. S. Gray (Chairman), I. Ayscough, P. Hyne, G. White and K. Poland. Last week's production at the Scala Theatre was the sixtieth in the annals of the Society.

A FIRST REHEARSAL ON THE STAGE: Only three more days before they open at the Scala Theatre. The chorus enter for Act Two. From left: Jean Pym, Joan Perrott, Jean Prior, Valerie Richards, Dorothy Waring, Ray Thackeray (back to camera), Pauline Edmonds and Annette Rouse. One of the criteria of a musical comedy is the dance routines. The Lloyd's players pass this with flying colours.

ADVICE FROM THE PRODUCER: Eileen Hunnex, who played Flora, and Patrick Leigh (Bill Early) are coached by the producer, Frederick Lloyd, at an early rehearsal in the Captain's Room.

"TEA FOR TWO": The burlesque of one of *No No Nanette's* immortal songs, in the second act. Patrick Leigh (Bill Early) and Alfred Burrows (Jimmy Smith) rehearse on the stage of the Scala Theatre in one of their funniest scenes.

AMATEURS GIVE MUCH OF THEIR LEISURE TIME: Another picture in the Captain's Room. *No No Nanette* took about six weeks of concentrated preparation. Messrs. Burrows and Leigh, on the left with Eileen Hunnex and Joan Grove, are brokers. On the right, at the table in front of Frederick Lloyd, is Jimmy Leslie, who assisted him in the production.

The Society was formed as long ago as 1910. Since then it has produced usually two shows a year, except for breaks in the times of the two wars. Normally, the annual programme consists of a musical and a straight play, although this year they have presented two musicals. Their earlier production was *The Lilac Domino*. Over the forty-four years the plays have been both serious and light, and three of the musicals had their first amateur productions with Lloyd's. Needless to say, the Society's financial condition is sound, although the costs to-day of putting on musical comedies are very high and require careful management.

No No Nanette, which was played in its performances last week at the Scala to about 4,000 people, is now a minor classic in musical comedies. First produced on the professional stage in 1925—it was one of the last appearances of George Grossmith—it has for a long time been a great favourite with amateurs. Probably few outside the profession could give offhand the names of the composers or the librettists, yet it contains at least two songs whose popularity never seems to diminish —"Tea For Two" and "I Want To Be Happy." There are few better period pieces of the 1920's.

Musical comedy is one of the most searching tests for an amateur society. A straight play has a small number of parts. A musical requires a large cast. And besides acting, there are the equally important sides of dancing and singing. One of the most impressive features of the Lloyd's production was the dance "drill," not only of the principals, but of the chorus. For some years the dances in these shows have been arranged and taught by Miss Alison Maclaren. Few who come to her have previous experience of "tap" and the other stage routines, but even those who were appearing for the first time this year carried out their disciplines like veterans.

Many of the leading players are already established in the affections of Lloyd's audiences. All of them increased their distinction last week. Alfred Burrows (Jimmy Smith) and Patrick Leigh (Bill Early) brought the house down with their fooling in a way which would have made any professional envious. Daphne Lark (Nanette) added a sure skill to her charm and appeal, and she was ably supported by Shirley Hichens (Lucille), Corinne Cooper (Betty), June King (Winnie) and Eileen Hunnex (Flora). John Margetson (Tom Trainor), Joan Allmey (Pauline) and Joan Grove (Sue Smith) never failed to make the most of every opportunity. The singing throughout was top-class, as was the musical direction of J. Armitage Fuggle.

PERFORMANCE—THE CLIMAX OF WEEKS OF PLANNING AND DILIGENT REHEARSAL : A spectacular moment in the Lloyd's production of *No No Nanette*. Lucille (Shirley Hichens), in the centre, dances with the Chorus. With her, facing the camera, from left are : Frederick Porter, Victor Hinton, Iris Cave and Martin Brooks.

NANETTE : The title-role of Nanette was played with great distinction by Daphne Lark, the wife of a broker. She is seen here in one of her lighter scenes with Alfred Burrows.

THE CHORUS DEMONSTRATES ITS ABILITIES IN SINGING AND DANCING : The proof of their careful "drill" was the ease with which they went through the many complicated routines. *On left*—Outside Sunnycliffe, Joyce Blackie (centre) with Sally Anstruther (left) and Dorothy Knott. *On right*—The Smith Home. The dancers, from the left, are : Frank Searle, Dorothy Knott, John B. McLaughlin, Jean Pym, Peter Worlidge and Sally Anstruther

AN ACCEPTABLE BRIEF : Patrick Leigh (Bill Early, the Lawyer), encircled by three of the Chorus : Sheila Palk, Annette Rouse and Pauline Edmonds, on the right. Mr. Leigh and the other principals gave excellent performances.

For some thirty years the performances of Lloyd's have been produced by Frederick Lloyd. Mr. Lloyd is that rarity, a professional who is both a singer and an actor, and the older generation of theatre-goers will recall the days when he appeared with his own companies. However, since the 1920's he has concentrated on production in the amateur theatre, to its lasting gain. Mr. Lloyd as much as anyone else has given the amateur stage its present high standards.

Under him, the talented members of the Lloyd's Dramatic, Operatic and Musical Society can hold their own against any rivals. Those who wish to see the amateur theatre at its best will do well to remember that their next production—*Arsenic and Old Lace*—is as near as next April. The Society will give three performances at the Scala Theatre.

A MATTER OF FINANCE : Lawyer Early (Patrick Leigh) discusses money matters with his wife Lucille (Shirley Hichens). The audiences at the Scala Theatre, in London, saw them last week in the performances of the Lloyd's Dramatic Operatic and Musical Society's production of *No No Nanette*. Lloyd's are one of the leading amateur companies in the City of London On all sides they gave evidence of the present high standards of the amateur theatre in Britain.

HELPING A HOUSE TO KEEP AN OCCUPIER

The Work of the Historic Buildings Council for England, and its Efforts to Preserve Some of the Country's Architectural Gems

By JOHN GORE

A HAMPSHIRE HOUSE WHICH HAS BEEN HELPED FINANCIALLY BY THE MINISTRY OF WORKS ON THE RECOMMENDATION OF THE HISTORIC BUILDINGS COUNCIL FOR ENGLAND: Avington Park, at Itchen Abbas, near Winchester, towards which a grant has been made for repairs to the roof, the main entrance columns and portico and the repointing of brickwork. As a condition of the grant, the house is opened to the public in the summer. The house was remodelled in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the first building on the site having been erected between 1560 and 1570.

THE FUNCTIONS OF THE HISTORIC BUILDINGS COUNCIL.—In international affairs and in domestic there is some superficial colour for a comment by the public that there seem to be a vast number of organisations, usually masquerading under obscure initials. They work very industriously to achieve valuable objectives, but appear to overlap with other associations in the same line of business. We are not here concerned with the international field, with the offspring of A.C., U.N. or N.A.T.O., whichever may be the Adam of this family tree. We are concerned with a domestic subject roughly described by my captions, and certainly made a little more clear to me after considering an address given by the chairman of the Historic Buildings Council for England before the National Trust's annual meeting on November 12. There are in Britain quite a number of educated and cultured people who remain foggy about the activities of societies and organisations concerned with the preservation of our ancient heritage, in architecture, art and natural beauties, and some of them wonder whether these organisations would achieve more if they did not cut each other's circle and possessed more authority to implement more definite decisions on simplified terms of reference.

Some people start with a mild prejudice, doubting whether "this museumisation of Britain," which should be up and doing to keep abreast of modern commercial competition, is not being dangerously overdone. Others declare that uglification and neglect go hand-in-hand with preservation and rescue.

The cries of horror when a barrow is ploughed up or an old manor-house destroyed for a new trunk road or reservoir are drowned by the clamour for growing more food, building better roads, giving every house a decent water supply. And, finally, there is always a strong party in every community which demands *results* justifying the outlay of the taxpayers' money or the money of benefactors, and those results must be 100 per cent., or the tales of failure or partial success will be exaggerated: "These organisations tumble over each other, spend our money and nothing is achieved. This should be the job of the National Trust, which is now our largest landowner, and somehow or other finds money to own half England . . . and so on."

What, then, are these historic buildings councils trying to do, let alone a score of preservation societies for this or that? Let us examine the H.B.C. for England.

In the summer of 1953 Parliament put on the Statute Book the *Historic Buildings and Ancient Monuments Act.* This Act created an Historic Buildings Council for England (*inter alia*) "to advise the Minister of Works in the exercise of his powers under Part I." Those powers include the spending of some public money on old buildings of a certain kind. The H.B.C., then, is a purely advisory body. It cannot spend a shilling of our money. It can only offer advice to the Minister to help here or there, and the Minister can, and does, sometimes refuse. The H.B.C. is merely doing for him the investigations necessary before he can begin to decide.

One premise must be conceded as accepted by the majority which passed the Act into Law. Ancient buildings are not to be excluded from our "national heritage of beauty."

You and your M.P.s may vary in degree in your estimate of the place of old houses and bridges and castles in the glories and culture and social history of England, but all agree (even the "anti-museumisationers") that their place is there and by no means insignificant.

Some will go so far as to say that the English manor or great country house over the centuries has been the cradle, the fount, the chief influence of our culture, our political thought, our scholarship, our taste. All will admit that they have a first claim to attention by any serious social historian. For they fill seven out of nine of the centuries since the Conquest. They were there, and very lively, before Birmingham and Liverpool existed as more than villages. I have never understood why tub-thumpers of Leftish tendency forever tilt at the old windmills. We who are alive have no responsibility for long-past history, for its failings or its virtues. Our pride in the Factory Acts of the nineteenth century or the Emancipation of Slaves is racial, not personal, and our hatred of child-labour or Tolpuddle martyrdom cannot justifiably be converted to hatred of living statesmen or present-day "classes." Yet there are a few people even to-day who would plump for the destruction of all great houses still standing, lest their very existence and appearance should encourage the notion of the return of feudalism or patronage. But these are cranks and far more cranky than the "industrialist-anti-museumisationers."

How the Functions are Discharged.—The functions of the H.B.C. have been accepted as desirable and necessary, and it is worth examining how they are being carried out. The examination should interest SPHERE readers, for in recent years this newspaper has made an important feature of ancient buildings, monuments and beauty spots.

Here, then, are the principles on which it discharges its advisory functions:

It does not go out to find subjects for its submissions for benefactions. It waits for individual applications for aid to come to it. When such a one comes along, its first task is to assess the merits. Is the building "outstanding." For a definition of "outstanding," it has accepted a judgment of Mr. Osbert Lancaster. A building, he declared, is outstanding (and therefore deserving of preservation) on one of three grounds only: its own intrinsic æsthetic merit (which is contentious, of course); its scenic usefulness; its claim to "pietas."

What is "pietas"? The H.B.C. has accepted it as meaning any building or erection which the public has long accepted as part of our national heritage and to which it attaches the epithets "good, old." The thing may be ugly, it may be gloomy. The Albert Memorial, the Tower of London, even the gasworks at the Oval, have passed into the realm of national heritage and earned the "good, old" title. Hands off these. They are for preservation. But "old *without* good" (and this is rather contradictory *qua* the gasworks) is no passport to preservation. The fact that a building has cheated death for centuries is not enough. How Article 1—"æsthetic merit"—is determined, I am not quite clear. It is as hard to decide in architecture as in literature.

THE LONG GALLERY OF HAGLEY HALL, AT STOURBRIDGE, WORCESTERSHIRE: The grant here was towards the repair of four of the mid-eighteenth-century garden buildings in the grounds. Hagley Hall, the property of Lord Cobham, was built in 1754-60 by Sanderson Miller, who also designed the "Ruined Castle," one of the buildings in the grounds. This building is a mannered portrayal of a "romantic ruin," with battlemented towers and turrets, and curtain walls with broken tops.

A Delicate Question.—We must assume now that our building has established its claim to be outstanding on at least one count.

The next step for the H.B.C. is to settle what extent of financial help should be recommended to the Minister whose hand is in *our* pockets. The Ministry's own experts examine the building, members of the H.B.C. may join in, and the trouble is diagnosed and the full cost of the cure assessed. But the full cost is not necessarily *our* affair. The delicate question now arises as to how much of it the owner or local authority or local well-wishers may be required or able to find.

Appearances are sometimes deceptive. There are still a few landowners vulgarly reckoned as enjoying great revenues. One example from the Gower's Report enjoins caution before particularisation:

A certain landowner "enjoyed" a proved rent-roll of £140,000 a year. After deduction of income-tax, surtax, tithe and expenses of maintaining the agricultural estate, his net income from land-owning was £3,500 a year, out of which he had to maintain two historic houses and feed and clothe and educate his family!

There are good and bad, self-sacrificing and lethargic, landowners, but the Council very rigorously and unsentimentally extracts from each the contribution he can reasonably be expected to make. The Council's function is to save buildings, not to subsidise landowners. Its aim is *to help a house to keep an occupier, not to help an occupier to keep a house.*

There are heartrending cases for decision and some of them throw new shadows ahead.

A Living House.—Still to-day some of our most wholly "outstanding" houses are being kept alive almost solely by the sacrifice and devotion of those who own or occupy them. Not by financial sacrifice only, but by dedication of life and strength to the task, by making of the task a life's work, a hobby, a substitute for easier recreation. It is no wild prophecy to suggest that this form of sacrifice will not be shouldered by posterity, not perhaps by the rising generation, whose sense of the past and devotion to tradition are clearly less strong than those of their parents, who had a foot in the old world and knew "better days."

That fact implies that private maintenance will become rarer and private contributions decrease; so that public maintenance must become more and more substantial if these national assets are to remain. The tide must rise and only the public can decide how it is to be met.

All this is, of course, a simplification of the problems concerned with ancient buildings and closely follows the reasoning of the H.B.C.'s chairman, Sir Alan Lascelles, who treated the occasion as informal "among friends"; and, indeed, the National Trust is a good friend to every society concerned in the work of saving our cultural heritage. If the H.B.C. puts first the principle of "helping a house to keep an occupier," it may sometimes appear that the Trust aims to "help a family to keep a house." There is not all that difference in principle.

Both organisations are at heart "anti-museumisationists" (my pretty word grows longer and longer). Both realise that the soul of a house withers when it ceases to be lived in and loved by its occupants (compare Montacute with Up Park, for example), that without the love and labour and co-operation of the occupier, the work of preservation cannot be well done, and that that co-operation is what draws out the invaluable generosity of anonymous donors and of such noble societies as the Pilgrim and Dulverton Trusts.

One word more as an *obiter dictum* and a clarifier. I have to confess that until the other day I had an idea that the Pilgrim Trust was a child of the Pilgrims. They are not connected at all.

The Pilgrims are a body interested in Anglo-American good relations, now presided over by Lord Halifax and stimulated by Sir Campbell Stuart. They achieve their aims partly by conviviality, and in after-dinner oratory they propagate many admirable and well-worn phrases believed to foster those vital good relations, and no doubt they often succeed.

The Pilgrim Trust was founded many years ago by Edward Stephen Harkness, and until recently its wide range of charitable uses was organised by Mr. Thomas Jones, C.H., whose place has now been taken by the chairman of H.B.C. for England.

The Dulverton Trust is such another body on the general lines of the Pilgrim Trust. Both have been generous friends to our ancient monuments and historic buildings.

AN EVENING WITH BEATRICE LILLIE

A BROADWAY TRIUMPH AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

"STAR'S FIRST NIGHT": Beatrice Lillie bursts into Constance Carpenter's dressing-room in a sketch from *An Evening With Beatrice Lillie* at the Globe Theatre. The first half of her evening consists of a series of sketches in which she or Leslie Bricusse appears; the second half is more rewardingly spent with herself alone, with her pianist, Rack.

An Evening With Beatrice Lillie began as a two-weeks' engagement at the summer theatre in Cape Cod, Massachusetts. It went on to tour, ran for nine months on Broadway, then toured for another nine months. Now it has brought "Bea" Lillie back to the West End theatre for the first time since 1946 (although she has twice been in London cabaret at the Café de Paris in 1950 and 1951). With her at the Globe Theatre are Leslie Bricusse, Constance Carpenter, Frances Clare, John Philip, and the pianists, Eadie and Rack. The settings are by Rolf Gérard.

"KABUKI LIL": One of Miss Lillie's most successful scenes is her devastating satire on the Japanese theatre and the conventions which are incomprehensible to Western audiences.

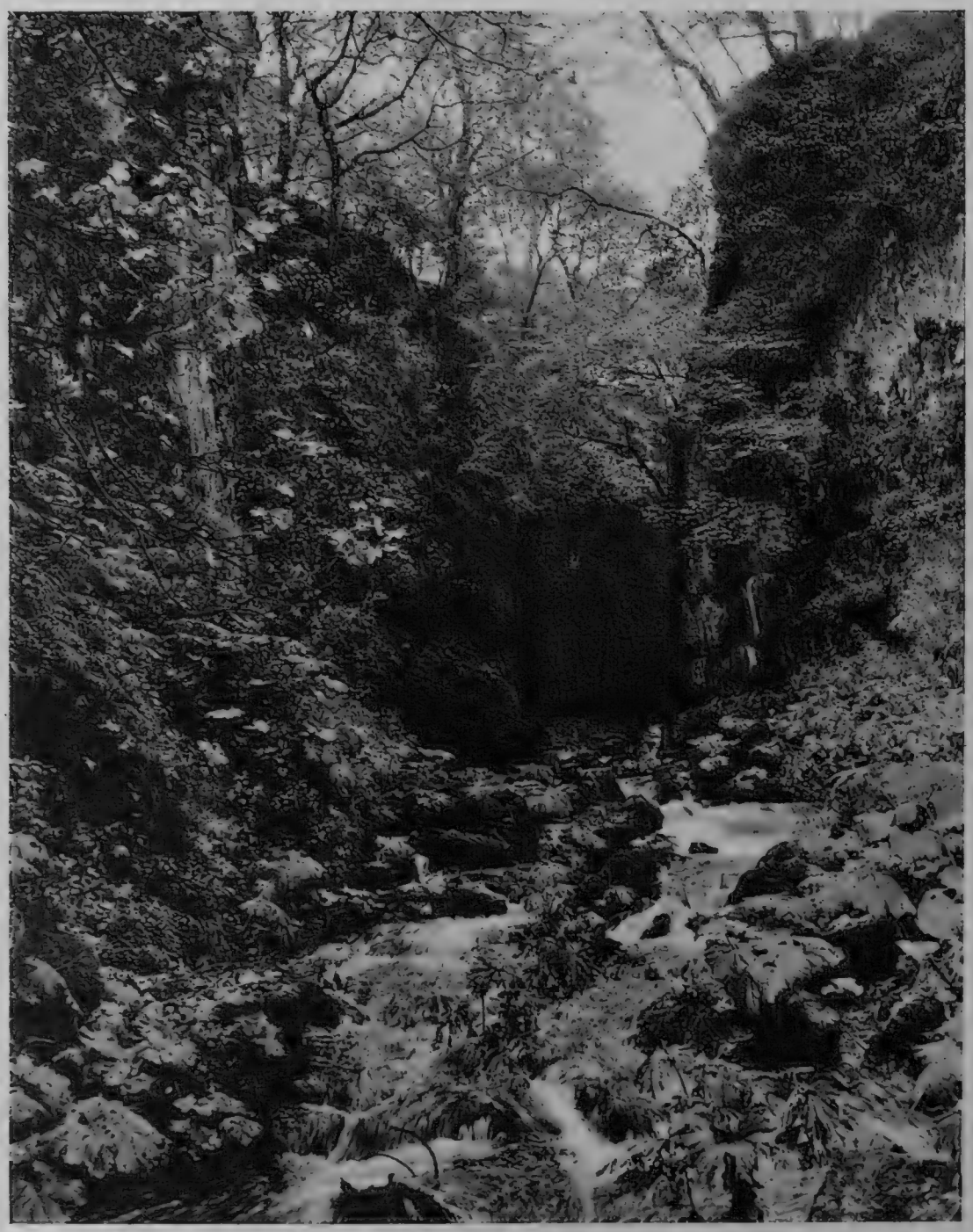
"TRAVELOGUE": Leslie Bricusse, who was the success of the Cambridge Footlights revue *Out of the Blue*, gives his version of an American's uninformed but breezy talk after a brief visit to England.

"REFERENCES": Beatrice Lillie burlesques a maid-servant under notice of dismissal from one job, who gives herself a reference for the next.

"THE PARTY'S OVER NOW": The show closes with Beatrice Lillie's one serious song of the evening. The first-night audiences, last week, gave her a tremendous reception on her return to the London stage after eight years in America. Left is Rack, her accompanist, of the piano partnership, Eadie and Rack.

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN MANY PARTS OF ENGLAND



LOVER'S LEAP—PART OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S BUXTON ESTATE WHICH IS UP FOR SALE: Lover's Leap, a well-known beauty spot near Buxton, is included in the 3,500 acres of the estate which are being put up for sale by orders of the trustees of the Chatsworth Settlement. No bidders were found for this beauty spot.

H.M.S. "BULWARK"—THE LATEST SHIP IN THE "HERMES" CLASS TO BE COMMISSIONED: This up-to-date aircraft-carrier was accepted from her builders, Harland and Wolff Ltd., and commissioned early last month. Since that date she has been carrying out trials on the measured mile off the Isle of Arran and in the English Channel. She entered Portsmouth, her manning port, last week. H.M.S. *Bulwark* is the third carrier of the "Hermes" class to be completed and commissioned. The first was H.M.S. *Centaur*, which entered service in 1953, and the other is H.M.S. *Albion*, which is now with the Mediterranean Fleet. The *Bulwark* carries all the latest equipment, including the angled deck, which can be seen to advantage in this picture. She carries advanced radar and gun-directing systems.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE WOODS—ANOTHER PART OF THE BUXTON ESTATE, IN DERBYSHIRE: This picture shows the beginning of the pathway leading to the woods. On the first day of the sale by auction of properties comprising one-third of the Buxton Estate, there were many disappointments. Of the forty-four lots offered on that day, thirty-three were withdrawn as there were no bidders or the prices offered were much too low. Both the beauty spots pictured on this page failed to find bidders. Most of the eleven properties sold on the first day were small building plots and enclosures close to the town. The highest bid was £6,000 for a 269-acre farm, which was withdrawn at the price.

EX-KING UMBERTO OF ITALY AND HIS DAUGHTER PAY A VISIT TO ENGLAND: The ex-king is seen with his daughter, Princess Maria Pia, after they had arrived in London last week. While in this country, the princess disclosed that she is to marry her fiancé, Prince Alexander of Jugoslavia, next February. The wedding will take place at Estoril, in Portugal. Prince Alexander works in the London Office of Mr. Niarchos, the Greek shipowner.

AWAITING THE FLOODS?: This photograph taken at Shenfield, in Essex, many miles from navigable waters, shows the launch *Golden Lily* in stocks as she is reconditioned. The launch is not owned by a pessimist who fears the worst, but by the directors of Jackson and Curtis, the building contractors of Mayfair. This is the firm responsible for building the houses seen above, and their launch has been taken to Shenfield so that workmen on the site may recondition her in their spare time.

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BARN WHICH IS BEING CONVERTED INTO A ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL: *On left*—A view of the barn at Frimley, in Surrey, which is now being converted into a chapel. *On right*—Some of the original beams inside the barn, which are being restored. The men in the background are at work in the organ loft. The barn, which stands in the grounds of a Queen Anne style house owned by Lady Hicks, widow of Sir Seymour Hicks, has, during its lifetime, been used as a stable and a toolshed. Its conversion into Frimley's first Roman Catholic chapel is expected to cost about £1,500, and this sum is being raised by subscriptions from Roman Catholics in the Camberley and Frimley district. An interesting feature of the chapel, when completed, will be the sixteenth-century panelling which will be used around the altar.

CHRISTMAS-TIME APPROACHES AND NURSERYMEN ARE BUSY CUTTING CHRISTMAS TREES: At this nursery at Woking some 84,000 Christmas trees are grown every year and are sent to all parts of Britain. The trees range in size from miniatures only 9 ins. high for table decorations, to trees 30 ft. in height.

MORE FLOODS IN THE WEST COUNTRY: The road from Cheriton Bishop to Hittisleigh, Pittons Cross, in Devonshire. This was part of the extensive flooding which occurred after heavy rainfall had swollen rivers in the Exeter and Plymouth area last week. Among the main roads flooded were the Exeter to Plymouth Road, which was under 3 ft. of water in places, and the Tavistock to Ashburton Road at Merrivale. Many places in Wales were also flooded.

A TOAST TO SIR WINSTON IN HONOUR OF HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY: Mr. Reginald Byass, of Gonzalez Byass and Co., is seen calling for the toast which was drunk in a sherry over 100 years old. While this ceremony was taking place in a London cellar, another was being held at Jerez-de-la-Frontera, in Spain, where a cask of this sherry, the world's oldest, was dedicated to Sir Winston.

RED HERRINGS—BRITISH HERRINGS BEING LOADED ON TO A SOVIET SHIP FOR EXPORT TO RUSSIA: The ship, the *Kama*, from Murmansk, is seen at Great Yarmouth, where she was taking on board 13,000 barrels of herring. This was the first part of a consignment of 65,000 barrels which the British Herring Industry is sending to the Soviet Union. Russian seamen took no part in loading the barrels; all the work was carried out by Great Yarmouth dock workers.

SHEEP GATHERING IN WINTER

Pictures of Shepherds Rounding Up their Flocks in the Scottish Highlands for Dipping and Drenching

GATHERING the sheep from the high tops is the last big job of autumn on the hill farms of Britain, because the law requires that every sheep shall be dipped in an oily liquid for fourfold reasons: to waterproof the wool thoroughly against the rains of winter, to prevent scab on the skin, and to guard against ticks and keds, types of vermin that attack the sheep and weaken them.

Because dipping is not so effective if done in rain—the dip is washed off too quickly out of the wool—dry weather is virtually essential to the task; but such days did not come early this autumn, and recently the shepherds have been hurrying to get the job done by the end of the year to comply with the law.

A hill gathering is not easy. On the two days when the pictures on this page were taken, over 600 sheep were gathered from two 3,000-ft. peaks in Glen Creran in Appin, in Argyllshire. Four shepherds were out from dawn until dusk to comb the corries and hill-tops for the wild black-faced flocks. Then they drove them down to the glen; not only to be dipped, but also to be dosed with medicine.

"Drenching" is the technical term for this latter process, the medicine being squirted down the throats of the sheep from a pistol like a grease-gun, which is fed from a canister carried on the back of the shepherd. Fifteen cubic centimetres is the dose—and the only protest from each sheep as it gets it is the wild, involuntary one of a cough and a grunt.

The dipping bath itself is hot and deep, and each sheep is thrust completely under before being allowed to paddle its way out. Then before it is released it is given a red "keel" mark, which is a dab of red dye, making the sheep identifiable at a distance as it grazes on the hill.

Gathering the sheep is heavy work for man and dogs. It involved on the farm of Fasnacloich—the scene of these pictures—some five hours' climbing each day, working in and out of narrow gullies and over rough hill faces. The method used is for two shepherds to work in co-operation. One takes a sweep along the top corries at 3,000 ft., while 1,000 ft. lower down another sweeps a parallel course. Sheep escaping from above are caught by the lower shepherd, and a team of amazing dogs works with the men with uncanny skill to drive the sheep in the required direction, often among great difficulties of crag and ravine.

"A good dog is never rough with sheep," said one shepherd. "We leave it to them. They know when the sheep can be fast driven, and when they must be treated with caution, lest the sheep get excited and jump over a cliff."

Yet the man who said that, Alec MacKenzie, who has been shepherding for twenty years, has never really trained a dog in his life. He explained that his dogs have been born with an instinct for shepherding, just as he was himself, his father having been a shepherd. Co-operation between dog and master takes time to achieve, but MacKenzie's own relationship with his four dogs shows how splendid this can be when achieved. Three of them are crosses between English bearded collies and the Highland breed, the fourth is a pure Highlander.

These dogs bark, stand up, or sit down to command, and they understand their trade so perfectly that it is never necessary to give more than any one dog an order. The others take their cue from what is happening under their eyes without a word or sign from the shepherd.

Alec MacKenzie, like many another shepherd, has a passion for dogs. He breeds them, yet hates parting with them so much that once he refused £80 for a dog. Three weeks later it died of heart failure.

Now, after busy days, the hard work of the dipping is over. The rams have been turned out on the hill among the ewes, and shepherds can relax in the quiet days before the first big snows of winter drive them out with dogs and spades to rescue buried beasts.

Shepherding is a hard, but it is also a satisfying life. Asking Alec MacKenzie what he likes best about it, his spontaneous reply was: "The lambing time. I like fine to see the ewes heavy with milk in the spring, and a good crop of lambs that will fetch top prices when the sales come off"—sentiments which show an inborn feeling for a job, that, in the final analysis, is worth more than mere wages.

GATHERING SHEEP IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND: Alec MacKenzie, a shepherd of Fasnacloich Farm, in Argyllshire, surveys the high ground above Glen Creran. Sheep have to be gathered for dipping, but this cannot be done unless the weather is dry, and these days came late this year. Over 600 sheep were gathered in four days from two 3,000-ft. peaks above the Glen.

THE SHEPHERD'S FRIENDS AND HELPERS: *On left*—Alec MacKenzie stands on the hills above his home, pointing directions with his stick for two of his dogs. He is looking across to the coast and the Atlantic Ocean. *On right*—MacKenzie's dog team—Shuna (on the left), Glen, Nell and Frankie. Shuna, a "half-beardie," is the mother of Nell and Frankie. Glen is a pure Highlander. All these dogs needed little training, being born with an instinct for shepherding. They know when sheep can be driven fast and when caution is required.

THE SHEEP ARE GATHERED AND TREATED WITH MEDICINE: *On left*—The process known as "drenching." Medicine from a pistol-like grease-gun is administered in two squirts. The gun is supplied by the tube from the canister on the shepherd's back. Drenching is an additional treatment to dipping. ***On right*—Some of the last sheep are brought down from the peaks of Glen Creran. The law requires sheep to be dipped to preserve their wool and prevent disease.**

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AFTER THE CHARGE

The Queen and Other Members of the Royal Family Attend the Balaclava Ball in London, Held in Commemoration of the Charge of the Light Brigade

THE QUEEN ARRIVES AT THE HYDE PARK HOTEL, LONDON, FOR THE BALACLAVA BALL : Standing on Her Majesty's left is Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin, Colonel of the 8th Hussars, who presented the colonels, or their representatives, of the other four regiments, whose predecessors took part in the Charge of the Light Brigade 100 years ago. They were the 4th, 11th and 13/18th Hussars and the 17/21st Lancers. The centenary ball, which commemorated the Charge, was given by the officers of the five regiments.

ROYAL GUESTS PASS THE GUARD OF HONOUR : The Queen Mother is followed into the ballroom by the Duke of Edinburgh who is wearing the No. 1 ceremonial uniform of the 8th Hussars. For this "historic occasion" officers were allowed to wear full dress uniform of dark blue tunics laced with silver or gold, "tights," and hessian boots decorated with rosettes. The decorations in the ballroom included flowers sent from France, an ally in the Crimea, and regimental silver of British regiments which took part in the Charge. One item was a dog-collar worn by a rough-coated terrier which actually accompanied the men in the Charge. Supper included a rare Russian salmon dish.

THE TWO QUEENS TAKE PART IN THE DANCING : *Left*—Queen Elizabeth, in a full-skirted gown of silver lace, dancing with Air Marshal Sir John Baldwin ; they led off the ball after the reception. *Right*—Major-General J. F. B. Combe, Colonel of the 11th Hussars, accompanies the Queen Mother. He is wearing the actual tunic and slung jacket worn by the Earl of Cardigan who commanded the Light Brigade during the Charge. Major-General Combe also carried Lord Cardigan's sword.

INVESTIGATING THE HABITS OF THE GREY SEAL: A metal tag is fixed to the hind flipper of a young seal at the Outer Farne, off the coast of Northumberland. These clips then help the scientists who are studying the grey seals to determine a number of facts about their habits. Their movements can be checked: two years ago a grey seal marked at Farne turned up on the coast of Norway, 400 miles away, only two weeks later. It is hoped also to determine the life span of the grey seal with these tags.

A BIG SEAL PROTECTS ITS YOUNG: One of the scientists approaches with caution a seal which is with its young at Farne Island. The seal roars defiance at the intruder, contributing to the constant noise which fills the air around the North Sea island. Outer Farne is reputed to be the second biggest breeding-ground of grey seals, who altogether number only about 10,000.

GREY SEALS IN BRITAIN

The Breeding-Ground at Outer Farne, Off the Northumbrian Coast, Believed to be the Second Largest in Existence

The grey seals are said to be the rarest of seals in the world, for they number only about 10,000. Some three-quarters of them breed around the coasts of Britain, and they visit the Scottish and Irish coasts as well as the waters of the Scandinavian countries. Their biggest breeding-ground is believed to be at Rona, in the North of Scotland, and their second biggest at Outer Farne, off the coast of Northumberland. It is there that a group of scientists have, for the past four years, been investigating the habits of the grey seal. On a recent visit during the breeding season some 800 bull, cow and pup seals were counted. The scientists weigh and measure the animals, mostly the young, and then affix tags to their hind flippers. These tags then enable them to determine the movements of the grey seal. Thus, it has been established that a seal can travel the 400 miles to Norway in a fortnight. The tags also enable the scientists to note the rate of growth of the young seals. By weighing and measuring at various intervals they have established that the young seal, which weighs 28 lb. at birth, will weigh 100 lb. after a month and, when it is a fully-grown bull, will be between 8 and 9 ft. in length and weigh up to 600 lb. The growth of the grey seal can also be traced by the volume of noise which it makes. The seal quickly graduates from the whimper of the baby to the full-throated roar which is characteristic of the Outer Farne. Oddly enough, the students of the animal have not yet been able to establish the span of the life of a grey seal. But their efforts in that direction will, doubtless, also be rewarded eventually.

SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY : A member of the party of scientists studying the grey seals puts the tape round a young seal, while other members help by holding the animal and recording its measurements. Some are up to 9 ft. long.

THE INVASION OF HUMAN BEINGS : The party of scientists arrives at Outer Farne for its expedition of research. Since 1950 Dr. Ian Telfer and Miss Grace Watt, together with volunteer assistants, have been studying the seals there.

IT CRIES LIKE A BABY : Tears well up in the big brown eyes of this young grey seal after it has been briefly separated from its mother. As the grey seal grows older its voice changes from a plaintive mewing to a deep, rich roaring note, and it is this roaring sound which is heard all around the island of Outer Farne. The scientists visited the island during the breeding season, and saw many of the seals shortly after birth.

THE BABIES ARE PUT ON THE SCALES : It is found that the newly-born pups found on the island weigh, on an average, 28 lb., and that after a month they weigh 100 lb. The big bull grey seals weigh up to 600 lb. The grey seal, of which some 800 were found on Outer Farne, is bigger than the common, or harbour, and ringed seals, but not as big as the hooded or bladder-nosed seals which come from Iceland and Greenland. These, in fact, resemble more closely the very much bigger elephant seals.

TRAFFIC CONGESTION and TRAFFIC LIGHTS

New Proposals and Methods for Relieving Traffic Congestion in London; Rallies for the Ancient and Modern; Price Reductions and Other Motoring News

BY "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

MR. JOHN BOYD-CARPENTER'S proposals for the relief of traffic congestion in London were frankly disappointing, but they must be regarded as being merely an interim measure. It is believed that our dynamic new Minister of Transport has much more drastic ideas about what should be done to prevent London's traffic chaos from deteriorating still further to a point where city streets are jammed solid.

The proposals he announced the other day will almost certainly lead to more restrictions on street parking, for he is increasing the number of thoroughfares with one-side-only parking and is banning parking altogether in many more streets.

Probably the most important part of the Minister's announcement related to road improvements, notably the Cromwell Road extension and the projected new road—Route No. 11—through the City. The Cromwell Road scheme will be an extension of that strange little piece of twin-track roadway dumped in the middle of London near Earls Court.

This will be extended westwards, south of Hammersmith and skirting the Thames north of the Castelnau loop until it reaches the end of the Great West Road, to which it will be linked by a fly-over. This imposing new exit from London to the west will cost £3,000,000.

Great improvements in traffic flow in the heart of the City itself are hoped for from the new Route 11. The City Corporation are planning to build a dual carriage-way, 86 ft. wide, between Aldersgate Street and Moorgate, with underground car parks beneath the road. Eventually Route 11 will continue along London Wall to Bishopsgate and then on to Whitechapel High Street.

Costliest scheme of all will be the Dartford-Purfleet tunnel, scheduled for resumption next year, which will take £9,000,000 from the Exchequer. Permission to go ahead was first given in 1930 and the pilot tunnel was actually built. It is hoped that this most easterly crossing of the Thames will draw off much of the heavy industrial traffic going to the docks.

Turning from the wearying lists of streets in which we may park only on one side—or not at all!—it is a little encouraging to hear that the new vehicle-actuated traffic lights are going to be used more. They were tried experimentally at Swiss Cottage and have considerably livened up the flow there.

In Oxford Street the installation of an improved system of traffic lights is nearly complete, and should reduce by a third the time taken to travel down that long, overcrowded avenue of shops. A master controller at Oxford Circus is the secret of the new method. It is fed with the numbers of vehicles passing in five-minute periods and the lights at the intersections are timed accordingly. The idea is that the right-of-way is given at each intersection in turn so that a driver starting at one end of Oxford Street should find every light green as he comes to it. This system is in force only when Oxford Street is relatively quiet; at peak hours, the signals revert to a fixed time control.

An example of how even a small road improvement can save lives—and money—was given the other day to Newbury Rotarians by Mr. Roger Gresham Cooke, Director of the Society of Motor Manufacturers. The "black spot" in question was Speen Corner, a mile west of Newbury, on the Bath Road. It was narrow and wrongly cambered and had a bad history of accidents.

Local people agitated for improvements, but it took three years and a public inquiry before anything was done. The cost of the work was £5,400. Comparing the months June to September for 1953 and 1954, accidents dropped from seven to two. Mr. Cooke did a bit of mental arithmetic and by taking the official "average" cost of a road accident at £660 proved that the improvement of this notorious black spot had nearly paid for itself already.

This year's Veteran Car Run took place in weather better than anyone can ever remember. The sun gleamed on the Serpentine and the few yellow leaves on the trees in Hyde Park, and it seemed that half London had got up early to see the old cars off. There was a record entry of 223 cars, every one of them more than fifty years old, and only twenty-six failed to get to Brighton on time.

Many drivers said it was the best run they had ever had. Although more private cars than ever followed the veterans' route to the sea, they behaved very unselfishly for the most part. Following the fine lead given by the police, they gave the "old crocks" a clear run through. Some of the drivers—(I wonder if they were quite sincere?)—said that the weather made everything too easy and that they longed for the challenge of the pelting rain that often accompanies the Veteran Run.

The fine safety record of this event was unfortunately marred by the death of a passenger, who appears to have fallen from one of the veteran cars when it swerved to avoid a modern car.

Gale and storm were the weather conditions for the most part on the M.C.C. national rally, sponsored by Redex. The Welsh sections were particularly wild, the mountain roads were awash with water and more than one competitor drove into a swollen river. The general comment that it was tough is borne out by the fact that from an entry of 332, 83 retired, 45 were disqualified on time limits and 19 lost marks for the condition of their cars at the end. But just to prove that you never can tell, the outright winner of such a stiff test was a newcomer, Mr. E. R. Parsons, driving a production Jaguar Mark VII.

Mrs. Y. B. Jackson won the ladies' prize in a Ford Anglia. Fords also did well in the team prizes, winning two of the three classes. Mrs. Lorna Snow, a keen rally driver, won the prize for the best car and lady ensemble by dressing herself to match her midnight-blue-and-white Jaguar XK 120 with white ermine collar and cuffs on her blue suit, topped by a dashing white ermine hat! Her beautifully prepared Jaguar proved her seriousness, however, by the many rally navigation instruments built into the special facia.

MOSCOW TACKLES ITS TRAFFIC PROBLEMS: This traffic system, although it may look complicated, is said to work well. On approaching the cross-roads, cars wishing to turn left, first turn right and then drive right round the painted circle and await their turn at the traffic lights before crossing the roadway to their new route.

There is a trade rule that no manufacturer cuts the price of his cars during the Motor Show. Several weeks have passed since this year's fine exhibition and the first price reductions have now been announced. The Nuffield Organisation has lowered the cost of three models: the 2½-litre Riley Pathfinder and the brand-new 2.6-litre Wolseley 6/90 (unveiled at the Motor Show) by £100 on the basic price; and the 1½-litre Riley by £50 (basic). With purchase tax, the old and new prices compare like this:

	Old	*New*
Wolseley 6/90 ..	£1,205 5s.	£1,063 12s.
Riley Pathfinder	£1,382 7s.	£1,240 14s.
1½-litre Riley ..	£1,205 5s.	£1,134 9s.

The Riley Pathfinder and the Wolseley 6/90 share the same body styling, and the new Wolseley uses the same engine as the Austin Westminster. So the benefits of the rationalisation policy followed by the British Motor Corporation since the Austin-Nuffield merger are beginning to be felt by the ordinary motorist.

British manufacturers are paying more attention to the needs of the man-on-the-road in another field—the practical maintenance of his car. Following a recent Vauxhall announcement, the British Motor Corporation have just introduced a service voucher for new Austin, Morris, Wolseley, Riley and M.G. cars. A book of coupons gives details of what jobs should be done at what mileages, thus acting as a reminder to the owner as well as ensuring that he pays only a fixed charge at an officially appointed servicing station. For a small car like the Morris Minor the total servicing charges over 12,000 miles amount to £14 14s., which works out at about 6s. a week over a 12-months period.

The A.A. have just opened up yet another radio transmitter at Cambridge—making ten in all—to cover Peterborough, Bury St. Edmunds, Hertford and Northampton. This brings nearly 15,000 square miles of Britain under their radio "umbrella," and the scheme will be extended to other important centres during the coming year.

The idea of these transmitters is to send help quickly to any motorist who has broken down on the road. Directly a radio centre receives a phone call from the unhappy driver, the nearest mobile patrol is contacted by radio and hurries to the spot. These radio patrols feed back information in the reverse direction in cases of traffic congestion and can give a series of up-to-the-minute reports on conditions when weather is bad.

Silver City Airways, the independent company which has made such a success of its cross-Channel car ferry services, is now planning to span the Irish Sea. They have applied for licences to operate car ferries, using Bristol Freighter aircraft, between Belfast and Woodvale, in Lancashire, and Stranraer, in Scotland. Compared with the Belfast-Woodvale hop of 128 miles, the Belfast-Stranraer link is only 35 miles and would take just 15 minutes. On this crossing, Silver City hope to run twelve vehicle and passenger services a day.

An American surgeon, Dr. Horace Campbell, has given a lot of thought to the causes of injuries in motor-car accidents. "Suppose a car is going at 50 m.p.h." says Dr. Campbell. "So are the passengers in it. But when the car is suddenly slowed down by hitting, or being hit by, some other object, the passengers continue to travel at 50 m.p.h. long enough to be battered, often fatally, against the inside of the car." The doctor outlines a six-point plan which he claims would cut the death-rate for car accidents by four-fifths.

(1) Fix the front seats tightly to the frame to withstand deceleration; (2) Replace the facia with a crash panel made of 4 ins. of a plastic foam; (3) Secure the doors by three bolts so they cannot open on impact; (4) Have safety belts on all seats; (5) Have an interior lock on the steering column so that it would fall to one side and not "spear" the driver; (6) Make the "nose" of the car of aluminium foil, which would collapse on impact and absorb most of the shock.

Dr. Campbell may be a very clever surgeon, but I feel he is not a very good psychologist. Not many people, I imagine, will admit that the chances of their being involved in a fatal accident are high enough to drive around in a gruesome vehicle like the "Stop Death" car, as he has called it. The one advantage of our archaic road system is that we just cannot drive as fast as the Americans on their fast-flowing turnpikes. I heard the other day of a pile-up of twenty-three cars on one of these roads, so let's count our blessings!

A MINISTER TAKES A RIDE: Mr. John Boyd-Carpenter, the Minister of Transport, accompanied by Lord Brabazon, about to board an 1898 battery-driven brougham. They were leaving the Ministry of Transport for a drive through London before keeping a luncheon appointment with the Roadfarers' Club.

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A WEEK-END'S WEATHER

PICTURES OF FLOODS AND GALE DAMAGE THROUGHOUT BRITAIN

Last summer had the reputation of being typically British and very bad : it would now appear that the winter is competing with the summer. Early last week violent gales and heavy rainfall caused flooding in many parts of the West Country and in parts of Wales. Then, for a brief moment came respite, and flooded homes began to dry out. The week-end, however, brought such unusually heavy weather that not only were places flooded during the week re-flooded, but many other districts throughout Britain suffered as a result of the weather.

Once again the West Country was the worst hit, and the floods there were described as the most severe in living memory, and many of the major roads were under water. Hundreds of acres of farmland were flooded, and in parts of East Devon villagers were told to boil all drinking-water as supplies were contaminated. G.P.O. engineers worked hard during the week-end to repair lines which were damaged by floods and gales. On the South Coast, too, the gales caused much damage, and the new sea wall at Seaford failed to stand up to its initial test. Not all the damage was caused by the floods and heavy seas. Many roads throughout the country were blocked by trees blown down by the winds.

ONCE AGAIN FLOODS HIT THE WEST COUNTRY—AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY OF BATH : This picture, looking towards the centre of the city, shows one of the many areas which were flooded in this region. Farmland was the worst hit, but many built-up areas suffered from the gales and heavy rainfall.

GALE DAMAGE IN KENT : Part of the main London to Hastings road near Tunbridge Wells which was blocked by fallen trees. Workmen are seen removing the debris.

THE NEW SEA WALL AT SEAFORD IS BREACHED : Sightseers watch as the heavy seas surge under the sea wall, lifting the large concrete blocks as easily as if they were pieces of cardboard. The breach was 50 yards wide and much of the road behind was damaged.

GALES ON THE EAST COAST OF SCOTLAND : Heavy seas crashing against the harbour wall at Boddam, in Aberdeenshire. Widespread flooding in town and country disrupted road and rail traffic north of the Border. The heavy seas also did much damage to small craft and seaside buildings.

THE BEACH MOVES UP ON TO THE PROMENADE AT BRIGHTON : Corporation workmen are seen shovelling-up the shingle which was thrown on to the promenade by the force of the seas. In some places the shingle was 2 ft. deep. Many other South Coast seaside resorts reported similar problems.

BATH LOOKS MORE LIKE VENICE : Two young boys doggedly cycle along a flooded part of the Lower Bristol road at Bath, although the water is almost hub-deep. This road runs between Bath and Bristol and many buses had to be re-routed.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE TAMING OF THE SHARK

Dr. Hans Hass' Remarkable Experiences Off the Grecian Coast; Adventure and Escape Stories; and a Week of "Kaleidoscopic Richness" of Present-day Fiction

I HAVE read Dr. Hans Hass' book, studied its photographs, believe every word of it all, and, when I have got my breath back, would like to explain that one of the objects of the adventures described in it is to attempt to prove that sharks are not nearly as dangerous to men as is generally thought. Now, to prove the truth of a hair-raising statement like this, certain experiments must obviously be made, and the very brave man who is the author of MEN AND SHARKS (Jarrolds. 15s.) made them. With a party of equally intrepid characters he visited the coastal waters of Greece, where sharks have been known to do some of their most menacing work, and when he found that there were few fish and fewer sharks, he conceived the admirable idea of summoning them with underwater explosions of dynamite.

This rather explosive dinner-bell seems to have done the trick, and afterwards Dr. Hass was able to photograph and be photographed on or near the sea-bed positively frolicking with sharks and, in one instance, trying to catch a particularly big one by the tail. I have to remind you that there are actual photographs of these exploits, and, for the rest, will simply say that the book is written with a gaiety equal only to its scientific zest. Quite literally unforgettable.

ROGER FENTON IN BORROWED ZOUAVE UNIFORM: This is one of the many pictures reproduced in *Roger Fenton, Photographer of the Crimean War* (Martin Secker and Warburg. 30s.), by Helmut and Alison Gernsheim, which deals with Fenton's photographs and letters from the Crimea. The letters, which give a vivid account of conditions at the front, are published for the first time. The authors also contribute an essay on Fenton's life and his place in the history of photography.

Miss Josephine Herbst records another aspect of scientific curiosity in a book of quaint charm, NEW GREEN WORLD (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 15s.). This is an account of the travels and discoveries of the Bartrams, "two most engaging characters," as Miss Sackville-West writes in her foreword, a father and son who lived in Philadelphia in the eighteenth century, and from there ventured forth into what was then an American wilderness, overrun by Indians, unmapped and hazardous, to bring back rare plants and grasses, and, incidentally and unexpectedly, to affect the history of botanical research and even to have an influence on European literature. A book that is unusual in many ways and that takes the reader deep into a distant world of simple enchantments.

ORELLANA (Heinemann. 18s.) is the story of a great adventure: the first descent of the Amazon by a party of white men, in 1542, when, headed by the Spanish gentleman, Francisco de Orellana, and separating from Pizarro's main and unsuccessful attempt, they crossed the continent from the Pacific to the Atlantic, starting from Peru and ending in Trinidad. These explorers—the Amazon was for a long time named after their leader—survived terrible hardships. They starved until they were forced to boil and eat their boots and saddles; they were beset with plagues of mosquitoes or alligators or huge snakes; they suffered deathly cold, in which their Indian porters died like flies, and steaming, muddy jungle heat: they were attacked by Indians, and by the invisible weapons of loneliness and loss of faith, but some of them did survive, and this is the wonderful, vital record of their endurance and their triumph. Mr. Millar has used the device of reporting their journeys, their bitter disappointments, their private politics and their general religion, their rivalries, shifts and humours through the observations of one Isaga, who was Orellana's scrivener. This gives the narration a vivid sense of immediacy and realism, and helps to make it the enthralling book that it is.

The next three books are concerned with a more recent climate of dangers, heroism and endurance. First of all, Mr. Charles McCormac's YOU 'LL DIE IN SINGAPORE (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.), a splendid escape story happily belying its title, which took the author 2,000 miles by fishing-boat, goods train, lorry, outrigger canoe, and mostly by foot from Singapore to Northern Sumatra, Java, and, finally, to Darwin, Australia. It is horrifying often, has pathos and incredible bravery and loyalty in its essence, and is, by and large, a story to give one an added respect for the stuff of which human beings may be made.

Mr. Airey Neave, M.P., has written the story of the Belgian girl, Andree de Jongh, young, pretty and spirited, who created a wartime escape route, known as the Comet Line, from Brussels to Bilbao, by which some 800 Allied airmen and soldiers were saved in the three years of its existence. In 1945, she was one of the prisoners who emerged from a German concentration camp after hideous sufferings, and in 1946 journeyed to England to receive the George Medal. LITTLE CYCLONE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is her memorable record.

No doubt there exist people who could read these last two books and turn to the next with an equal capacity for admiration, but I must own I would find it difficult, in spite of evidence of physical courage on the part of the U-boat captain whose exploits it describes. ENEMY SUBMARINE (William Kimber. 15s.) has been written by Wolfgang Frank (and translated by Lynton Hudson) from the diaries of Gunther Prien, who was captain of *U*-47, which penetrated Scapa Flow. The author was special U-boat correspondent for the German Government and sailed with Prien on a North Atlantic patrol, the last from which this particular U-boat returned.

Mr. W. Macqueen-Pope modestly—and erroneously—describes himself as a back number in his new book of Victorian and Edwardian reminiscences, BACK NUMBERS (Hutchinson. 21s.), which has a deal to say about the pleasures, foibles and occupations of the great middle class of those times and, for my taste, not nearly enough about the stage of the same period. This prejudice is all the more natural, I think, since Mr. Macqueen-Pope is one of our most realistic and authentic chroniclers of the world of the theatre.

Whether a reader is voracious or selective, he might be grateful for the continued and kaleidoscopic richness of present-day fiction which, in one week, can produce novels which can range through moods and settings from the exalted to the violent, and from placid homes to fantastic realms of magic.

THE PRINCE FROM THE SEA (Heinemann. 15s.), for instance, is Sally Salminen's tale of a man washed up on the rocks of the Breton coast, to revive with no memory of his past and a kind of spiritual emptiness which makes him an instrument for active good or, disastrously, for active evil. There is a kind of naïve magic about this simply told and strongly-felt tale, which has been translated from the original Swedish by Evelyn Ramsden.

Mr. Paul Horgan has written three stories to illustrate kindred themes; the first, set in the Texas-Mexico country of the Rio Grande a hundred years ago, shows the power of religious faith; the second, in a United States city of our own days, the power of love, and the third, in wartime Italy, the power of sacrifice. The restraint and studied plainness of Mr. Horgan's style are genuinely impressive, and THE HUMBLE POWERS (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.) has a quality that is both touching and memorable.

NOBLE PURPOSE (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.) is a novel, by Sacha Carnegie, told most appropriately for the most part in terms of action, and dealing with the activities of a Guards officer during the war and for some years after it. The author writes from personal and fairly recent experience, and the imprint of that unmistakable authority enlivens the narrative.

Miss Magdalen King-Hall has written about a haunted house in the Sudan, where a young English cotton planter and his even younger bride are billeted by his company, and where the psychic stresses eventually lead to a miserable form of violence and, later still, to re-posting. It is smoothly told and suitably creepy, but for me HAG KHALIDA (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) lacks not so much conviction as an essential *raison d'être*.

M. Roger Martin du Gard's book of village sketches, THE POSTMAN (Andre Deutsch. 9s. 6d.), is a delight to read in its supple translation by Mr. John Russell. Since the French are past-masters of irony, it is no surprise to see that the original title of this study of rural blackmail and busybodiness was *Vieille France*, and, indeed, the little book is evocative of a cycle of life that is as old as it is perpetual. A far cry from *Cranford*, perhaps, but not an unrewarding one.

THE TWO TOWERS (Allen and Unwin. 21s.) is a strange and dreamlike book which has some relation to Nordic folk tales and some to science fiction, but which casts a spell of its own. Now, just as some people may be allergic to, say, penicillin, others may be to spells, so that it would be rash to recommend the book to each and every reader. But the reader that this scholarly fantasy of Mr. J. R. R. Tolkien's requires will find himself in a magic yet matter-of-fact world, where elves and ents, dwarfs and hobbits conduct themselves in ways which, imaginary or not, seem inevitably elflike, entlike, and so on.

This week's two detective stories are Mr. George Harmon Coxe's THE MAN WHO DIED TWICE (Hammond and Hammond. 9s. 6d.), a well-told tale of skulduggery in Barbados that I would have read before if the picture jacket had not misled me into thinking it a tale of, and for, hearties; and a re-issue of Mr. Cyril Hare's 1939 work, SUICIDE EXCEPTED (Faber and Faber. 10s. 6d.).

THE TENTH MUSE (Putnam. 25s.) *is an unconventional cookery book of recipes from many lands, collected and compiled by Sir Harry Luke, in collaboration with Elizabeth Godfrey.*

Two publications which make a welcome appearance in time for Christmas are **THE CONNOISSEUR YEAR BOOK, 1955** (The Connoisseur. 21s.), *Edited and Compiled by L. G. G. Ramsey; and George Buday's illustrated volume entitled* **THE HISTORY OF THE CHRISTMAS CARD** (Rockliff Publishing Corporation. 42s.).

THE MARCH OF MEDICINE

Kenneth Walker's Important New Survey

The earliest group of scientific medical documents is the Hippocratic Collection, which was put together about 300 B.C. Only a small portion is by Hippocrates, and some portions are as old as the sixth century B.C. Right back to these ancient and intriguing sources, and even farther back to the days when prehistoric man was bold enough to undertake a surgical procedure as formidable as trephining, Kenneth Walker takes us in his all-embracing survey, THE STORY OF MEDICINE (Hutchinson. 21s.). Mr. Walker has had a hard task in differentiating at times between priest, tribal medicine man and medical practitioner, for their functions were much intermingled in earlier days, and who shall say that that is not so in a measure to-day, for legion are the good doctors who know that a kindly, helpful word can assist a multitude of ills that stem essentially from the conflicts of the mind.

The author's first chapter deals with prehistoric medicine. He then follows this great theme through to the present day by way of Hippocrates and the Greek tradition, the medicine of Alexandria and Rome, coming through the Renaissance to that seventeenth century which saw such a flowering of medical genius. And so to the achievements of to-day, and of a great army of medical men and women who give so unstintingly to the noblest of professions. For that profession Mr. Walker has done a signal service by this skilful marshalling of facts which have produced so readable a volume.

Rodney Ackland is a playwright who has flirted constantly with the cinema for a great number of years, and in at least three guises, as actor, scenario writer and director. He now looks back on the mad, sometimes merry, occasionally miserable time he has spent in movies. He calls his reminiscences, which he has written in collaboration with Elspeth Grant, THE CELLULOID MISTRESS (Allan Wingate. 16s.). They make grand reading, for Mr. Ackland's lively sense of humour has full play in these pages and he has also allowed it to inform the captions beneath the well-chosen series of photographs. Mr. Ackland has met nearly all the great names of the cinema. Garbo is clearly a special favourite, and in everyday life he has noted her superb ability always to be looking in the wrong direction when a Press camera clicks. Apparently Miss Garbo's special interest in London centres on Marlborough House, because it has an unscalable wall—the very thing for a Hollywood resident who truly longs for privacy. Mr. Ackland and Miss Grant have not only produced a book of much wit, but a most pleasantly gossipy book, and, above all, a kind book.

THE HORSEMAN'S YEAR (Collins. 15s.) is a hardy annual, and its hardiness owes much to the fact that each year Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Lyon brings a note of variety into his report of the equine scene. This year there is an excellent chapter on Australian racing and another on New Zealand racing. John Hislop reviews the flat-racing season in England in 1954. He mentions the suspension of Piggott, Never Say Die's rider in the Derby, who received the censure of the Stewards at Ascot. Mr. Hislop makes it plain that Piggott was not by any means the only one to blame in that much publicised incident in the King Edward VII Stakes.

The Vale of Pewsey lies in the heart of the Wiltshire downland with the Marlborough Downs on its northern flank and Salisbury Plain to the south. Devizes stands to the west and Savernake to the east. The Vale, through which the Salisbury Avon has its double source, has a pattern of land-holding going back to Saxon times. It has long deserved a volume to itself, and now, properly enough, it is included in the popular Regional Series. THE VALE OF PEWSEY (Robert Hale. 18s.) is the work of H. W. Timperley, who clearly enough finds this a most exciting piece of England.

FURTHER OUTLOOK (Allan Wingate. 15s.) is a new treatise by F. H. Ludlam and R. S. Scorer on the comparatively new science of meteorology. They explore expertly and imaginatively the whole complex subject of weather systems, cloud formations, cyclones, anti-cyclones, floods and tempests.

Dr. Thomas John Barnardo will be much in the public mind in 1955, for it marks the fiftieth anniversary of his death. Norman Wymer has written a biography of this distinguished benefactor, entitled FATHER OF NOBODY'S CHILDREN (Hutchinson. 15s.). Those who remember Norman Wymer's book on Arnold of Rugby will not be disappointed in this new volume. Dr. Barnardo, the top-hatted figure who, lantern in hand, stalked the alleyways of London looking for destitute children, emerges from these pages both as a noble character and a deeply human person.

In a review of *The Illustrated History of English Literature* it was stated in THE SPHERE, dated November 6, that Volume II (Longmans. 25s.) surveyed "literary achievements from the days of William Blake to the death of Bernard Shaw in 1950." This period will, in fact, be dealt with in Volume III, while Volume II covers an earlier period from Ben Jonson to Samuel Johnson and Sheridan. The author is A. C. Ward.

YOUR PASSPORT
for a delicious tour of France

Without even leaving the table, you can have much of the joy of a tour through France, land of sunshine and good living! Get your wine merchant's advice. *He'll* tell you that wine really means France, and France means a whole series of glorious wines—a choice for every taste and every mood. Every pocket, too: prices range from about 6/6 a bottle. Here's a brief reminder:

ALSACE

On the French side of the Rhine, Alsace produces many white wines of distinction. The dry Riesling, the robust Traminer, the elegant pale-green Sylvaner, the full, medium Muscat—all are crisp, clean and fragrant.

BORDEAUX

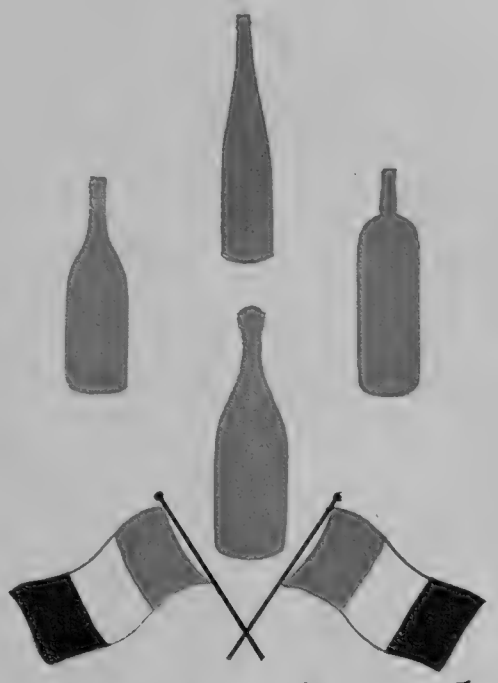
The pure and fragrant red Bordeaux (Claret to us) include Médoc, St. Emilion, Pomerol, and many others. Of the excellent white wines, Graves is on the dry side, Sauternes richer and sweeter. From honest *ordinaires* to superb château wines, Bordeaux offer fine value at every price.

BURGUNDY

Rich and full-bodied, the red Burgundies—Beaune, Nuits, Macon, Beaujolais, and many others—are perfect with roasts and grills. White Burgundies include fresh, dry Chablis and Pouilly Fuissé, golden Montrachet and Meursault.

CHAMPAGNE

The wine districts of Epernay, Rheims and Ay are consecrated to the production of a French miracle—Champagne, sparkling wine of sparkling gaiety! Champagne is the perfect drink for any festive occasion, and can be enjoyed from hors-d'œuvre to dessert.



LANGUEDOC/PROVENCE, ROUSSILLON AND ALGERIA

The sun-baked south of France, between Atlantic and Mediterranean, produces delicious wines—red, white and *rosé*—famous locally but less known abroad. These wines, and those of Algeria, are modestly priced and excellent value.

RHONE

Much the best-known of the Côtes du Rhône wines is the glorious Châteauneuf du Pape from near Avignon. But there are many other favourites—such as Hermitage, Côte-Rôtie, and Tavel *rosé*.

TOURAINE/ANJOU

From the valleys of the Loire and the Cher come the fresh and ever-refreshing Rosé d'Anjou; delicate Vouvray, both still and sparkling; fruity Saumur; and Muscadet, with its distinctive fragrance.

Welcome to the glorious
WINES OF FRANCE

ISSUED BY THE FRENCH NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR WINE PUBLICITY, IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE WINE & SPIRIT ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN

BURNETT'S 'White Satin' Gin is as distinctive as its bottle. There is no other Gin quite as good. Its Smooth as Satin quality is the same today as it has been for nearly two hundred years. And here's the surprising thing—it's the same price as ordinary Gins!

MAXIMUM U.K. PRICES

33/9 *per bottle* · **17/7** *half bottle* · **9/2** *qtr. bottle* · **3/7** *miniatures*

DECEMBER HANDICAP

"Now, Hawkins, can I interest you in the Grand Christmas Draw? Tickets one shilling. Stupendous prizes."

"*Last year, Mr. Gerald, I won the Permanent Wave. Just my luck, sir.*"

"Bad staff work. What about a Live Calf or Two Seats for 'Peter Pan on Ice'?"

"*I would much prefer the Case of Rose's Lime Juice. During the party season, sir, it would be so useful to us both—in different ways.*"

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ROSE'S LIME JUICE

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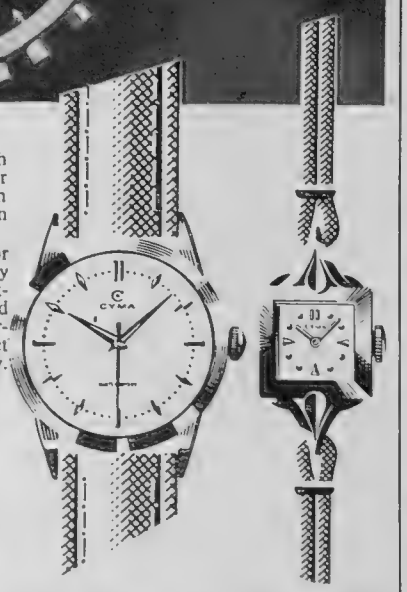

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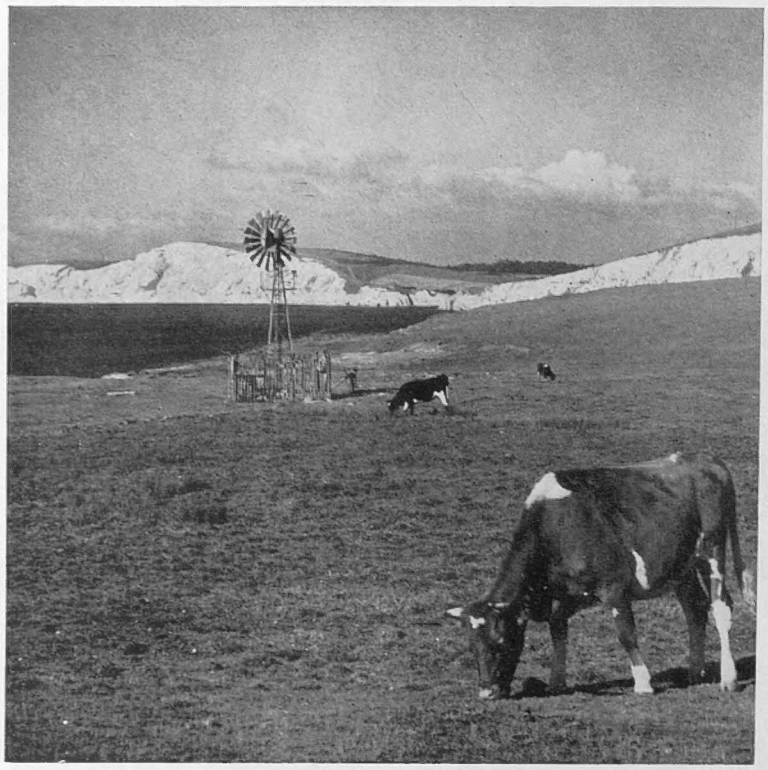

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The Gift for **HER**

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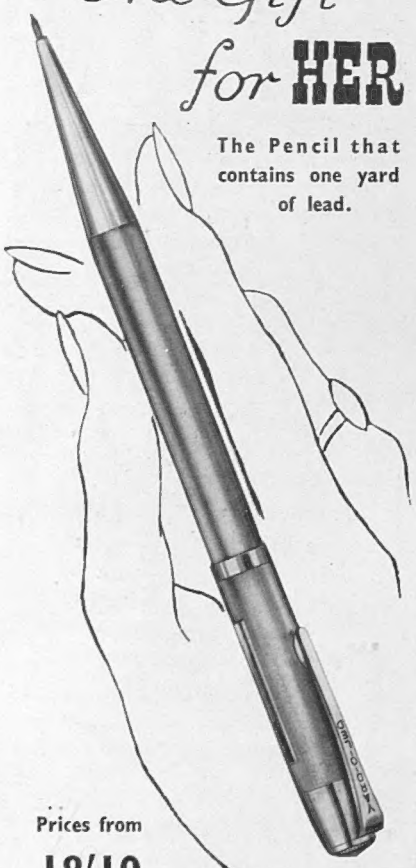

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In this season of Goodwill...

Good Cheer...

and Good Resolutions...

Don't be vague

ask for

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WHISKY
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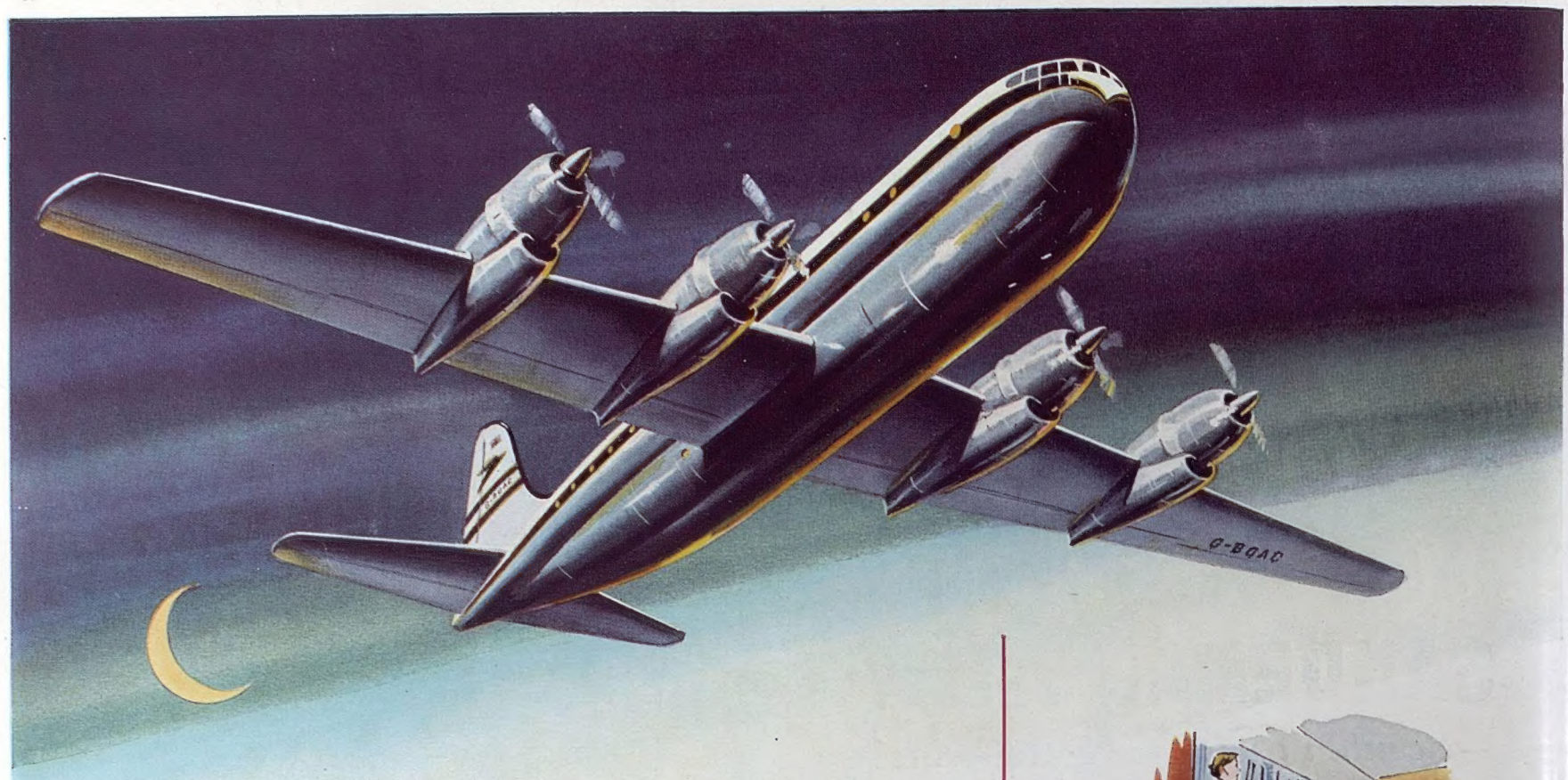

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